The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1915.

Summary of the News

Ae we write, there is every indication that the present week may prove the most momentous one in the fortunes of the Allies since Gen. Joffre rallied his forces at the Marne. Rumors of dissension in the British Cabinet and severe criticism of the Government's diplomacy in the Balkans culminated on Tuesday in the definite announcement that Sir Edward Carson, the Unionist Attorney-General from Ulster, had resigned. For some days previous Sir Edward had ostentatiously absented himself from meetings of the Cabinet. Early comment on the withdrawal of the Attorney-General took the view that the dissension in the Cabinet was not over the question of conscription, but over the Government's policy in the Balkans. Further complications were added to the situation by the news on Tuesday of Mr. Asquith's illness.

Simultaneously with the news of Sir Edward Carson's resignation came the announcement by the official press bureau that Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton, the British Commander-in-Chief in the Dardanelles, had been recalled to England "to report," and that Major-Gen. Sir Charles C. Monro had been appointed to succeed him. Rumors that the campaign in Gallipoli might be abandoned and the troops transferred to the Balkans have been abroad for the past week and received additional currency through a suggestion that this course should be adopted, made by Lord Milner in the House of Lords on October 14. On the same day in the House of Commons Sir Edward Grey made a statement on the situation in the Balkans, giving a résumé of Allied diplomacy there during the war.

In France, also, a Cabinet crisis arising out of the Balkan situation has been narrowly averted. As a result of friction in the Cabinet over the foreign policy of the Allies, the resignation of M. Delcassé, the Foreign Minister, was announced to the Chamber of Deputies by Premier Viviani on October 13. M. Viviani himself has assumed the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in addition to the Presidency of the Council. A considerable amount of criticism was directed at the Government in the course of the debate, but the Ministry finally received a decisive vote of confidence—372 votes to 9—although many Deputies abstained from voting.

Events have moved rapidly in the Balkans. Diplomatic relations between England and Bulgaria were broken on October 13, and war was formally declared by Great Britain on October 15. On the same day a note was received by the British Government from Greece announcing her decision not to intervene in the war on behalf of Servia at present and setting forth the opinion that the treaty with Servia did not in the circumstances call for intervention by Greece. On October 12 Greece had presented the same contention in her reply to the Servian inquiry as to whether the Greek army was ready to operate against Bulgaria. The Greek excuse for repudiating the treaty with Servia is that it was meant to apply only to a purely Balkan struggle and not to a general conflagration. The Rumanian Cabinet also declared for neutrality on October 13.

M. Viviani, in the speech in the Chamber referred to above, announced that Russia would take part in the war against Bulgaria, and on October 15 he told the French Senate that Italy would also take part. So far neither Italy nor Russia has furnished troops for the Balkan campaign, but a formal declaration of war was made by both of these countries on Tuesday. Russian forces could only be sent to the field in two ways, through Rumania or by effecting a landing on the Bulgarian coast on the Black Sea. For the latter purpose it is not thought that Russia possesses sufficient transports. There were reports last week that Russia had asked Rumania to allow the dispatch of troops through her territory, but these reports have not been confirmed. A blockade by the Allied fleets of the Bulgarian coast on the Ægean was announced on October 16.

The Allied expedition that landed at Salonica has made progress, and on the quick success of this expedition, it is believed, depends not only the fate of Servia and more far-reaching results affecting British interests in Egypt and the Orient, but the solution of the political situation in Britain. As we write, the military situation appears, if anything, to favor the Allies. The progress of the Teutonic forces which have invaded Servia across the Save, the Danube, and the Drina continues to be slow, and obviously the Servian army has so far offered more stubborn resistance than was expected by the German General Staff. The Allied expedition from Salonica has crossed the Bulgarian frontier at a point just north of the Greek border, and has taken the fortified town of Strumitsa. On the other hand, Bulgarian troops have cut the Salonica-Nish line at Vranya. A second Allied expedition on Sunday or Monday effected a landing at Enos, on the Ægean Sea, at the frontier of Bulgaria and Turkey, and has seized the railway running east from Dedeaghatch (twelve miles away) to join the main line from Sofia to Constantinople. Dedeaghatch, a strongly fortified port, is therefore threatened both by land and sea.

The extent to which the German submarine campaign continues cannot be accurately gauged, since the official press bureau, in reporting the destruction of vessels, has adopted the practice of not always stating the agency. During the past week three British, one Swedish, and one Norwegian vessel have been reported sunk. News was received on Monday that the French steamship Amiral-Hamelin had been sunk without warning by an Austrian submarine in the Mediterranean, with the loss of seventy-one lives. On the same day Count Bernstorff gave out a statement that German submarines had recently sunk twenty-three vessels of the Allies, including four transports, in the Mediterranean. British submarines in the Baltic have continued a successful campaign. Official announcement was made in Petrograd on Sunday of the sinking of five German transports. Late last week a German destroyer and a torpedo boat were reported sunk. Recent dispatches have indicated that the activity of British submarines has virtually brought to an end traffic between Germany and Sweden in the Baltic.

Two more Zeppelin raids were made over London on the night of October 13-14. According to a long official report of the raid published on Monday, 127 persons were killed or injured, and "except for one chance shot the damage was exclusively on property not connected with the conduct of the war."

The text of the latest note on the Frye question to be sent by the United States to Germany was published in Tuesday's papers. The note, which is dated October 12, is in response to the German note of September 19.

Formal recognition of Carranza as head of the *de facto* government of Mexico was accorded by the United States and the South American republics which have participated in the Pan-American Peace Conference on Tuesday.

At a dinner of the Republic Club in New York on Monday night several speeches were made by prominent Republicans urging ex-Senator Root to accept the Republican nomination for President in 1916.

In the election in New Jersey on Tuesday the Woman Suffrage amendment was defeated by a heavy majority. Early returns yesterday showed an estimated plurality against the amendment of some 55,000.

President Wilson has definitely come out in favor of a considerable increase in preparation for national defence. The programme to be adopted by the Administration, it is stated, will involve an expenditure of close on a billion dollars and includes a large increase in ships and personnel of the navy and extensive reorganization of the army, with special attention to the creation of a reserve force. The President, it was announced this week, will outline his plans in an address at the Manhattan Club of New York on November 4.

Count Bernstorff on Monday announced that he had forwarded to Secretary Lansing affidavits of some American mulemen alleging that the British patrol vessel Baralong, while flying the American flag, had attacked a German submarine, and that the crew of the patrol had killed several of the German survivors when they were endeavoring to reach or had reached safety on the Nicosian, the vessel from which the incident was witnessed. As the use of a neutral flag as a *ruse de guerre* is legitimate, and as it is not the business of the United States to inquire into the good faith of the affidavits, the document has been put on file.

News came on Saturday that the American Embassy had notified the British Foreign Office of the execution by the German authorities in Brussels of Miss Edith Cavell, an English school teacher, after her conviction by court-martial on a charge of having assisted British and French soldiers and Belgians of military age to escape from Belgium. Sir Edward Grey has requested the American Government to investigate the case.

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The Week

A witty American has said that the English are just now acting as if they were "bears on themselves." It is certain that the political squabbles and the Governmental differences of opinion and the violent press campaign, occurring as they have in the midst of a war which Englishmen have been told means life or death for their Empire, make a bad impression. They seem to imply a lack of unity, and even of patriotic determination, in the face of a great national crisis. But to conclude that this is true would be a mistake. If such manifestations were made in Germany, then, indeed, we might think that the foundations were breaking up. In English history, however, events such as we are now witnessing are familiar. In England, war is not permitted to still the strife of tongues. For bitterness and for recrimination, nothing that is passing now equals what took place at the time of the Crimean War. We Americans would do very much what the English are doing if we were engaged in a war going badly. We, too, would be crying out on our blundering Government, demanding scapegoats, and all that sort of thing. All this is in the Anglo-Saxon tradition. It has to be borne constantly in mind when trying to get a true measure of such political agitations as are now afflicting England.

Behind the whole undoubtedly lies the feeling that British ill success in the war has been due to mismanagement. This is believed to be partly military and partly diplomatic. But any fair consideration of the matter must take into account the enormous difficulties that had to be faced. In the whole question of foreign policy, for example, both military and diplomatic, it must be remembered that the British Government has not been free to play its own hand. It has had to consult with its allies. And if it is hard to make a Coalition Government run smoothly, to conduct a gigantic war through a Quadruple Entente is vastly harder. Long-range consultations are necessary. Different views have to be compared and reconciled. Conflicting interests have to be composed. All this takes a great deal of labor and a lot of time; and the misery of it is that, when a decision is finally reached, the situation may have so changed that the work has to be begun all over again. Under such conditions, the real wonder is, not that there have been so many delays and disappointments, but that there has been such marked and unbroken harmony, among Russia and France and Italy and England, and that together they have accomplished so much. All told, the political excitements in England are superficial—not to say a trifle artificial. They do not go to the heart of the English attitude or the English purpose. The members of the Government know that the reproaches now heaped upon them are only of the sort that were showered upon the Aberdeen Ministry in the '50's, upon Gladstone at the time of the Sudan campaign, and upon Salisbury and Chamberlain in the first months of the Boer War. These things will pass, and, so long as the strength and will of the English people continue bent to the great tasks laid upon them by the war, cannot materially affect the long result.

To what extent the departure of Théophile Delcassé from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is the sign of national dissatisfaction with his policies, to what extent it is the outcome of personal politics, we cannot say. We know that even in the midst of great national crises personal interests and ambitions persist. We have an example in England. Assaults upon Kitchener and the campaign for conscription have not been actuated by pure patriotism. The supposed personal ambitions of Lloyd George not so long ago agitated the English people. Factional politics could not ask for a better opportunity to drive home its attack than a situation like that which has developed in the Balkans. There the Allied diplomacy has unmistakably suffered a severe defeat, with corresponding loss of prestige for the responsible Ministers, whether it be a Delcassé or a Grey. Under any other interpretation the resignation of the Minister who has been correctly described as the co-author with Edward VII of the present anti-Teuton alliance, and as the architect of the French policy of colonial expansion which sharpened the perpetual conflict between France and Germany, might be taken as a sign of discontent among the French people with their present situation. But against Delcassé's departure we must put the decisive vote of confidence granted to the Viviani Ministry, and the overwhelming evidence from every quarter that there is no thought in France of crying quits until the great issue has been fought out.

The departure of Delcassé means the going of one of the nation's Elder Statesmen. For a people whose parliamentary life is supposed to undergo exceptionally violent fluctuations, France has made use of its veteran politicians to a greater extent than any other Government. If we take the English Cabinet, we find that many influential members are comparatively new men, of the generation after the Boer War. Balfour and Lansdowne alone go back to the nineteenth century, but their position is one of prestige rather than of direct influence. Asquith was Home Secretary as far back as 1892, but Lloyd George and Grey began their Ministerial careers in 1905. Bonar Law and Winston Churchill's growth are of a later date. New men are in power in Germany, in Russia. But Delcassé was a member of the national defence Ministry organized by Waldeck-Rousseau in the Dreyfus days of 1899. He had for colleagues then Millerand, who is now Minister of War, and Caillaux, whose departure from the Cabinet shortly before the outbreak of the war has apparently not destroyed his influence in Parliament. Perhaps it is no coincidence that the Opposition has concentrated its attacks against the veterans, Delcassé and Millerand. In times of national emergency there is a demand for new blood, new energy, new methods.

The sending of a formal letter of recognition to Carranza will bring at least to a pause a Mexican programme that has zigzagged along ever since President Wilson took the oath of office on March 4, 1913. President Wilson's own friends acknowledge that there have been many inconsistencies in the record, and they realize that it will be one of the grounds upon which the Wilson Administration will be attacked with the greatest effect.—[The New York Sun.

For I must assail something, then why not you? Apparently, that is to be the attitude of President Wilson's critics towards his Mexican policies. It is a position of little promise from the point of view either of practical politics or of broader national issues. The practical politician is the first to recognize that nothing succeeds like success, that we are a people of quick forgetters. Let Carranza reëstablish peace in Mexico, and we shall forget quickly enough the painful preliminaries. Let our difficulties with Mexico be settled, and few will care to think back whether the result has been attained by zigzag or by flank movement or by frontal attack. This is the practical side of it. On the moral side of the issue we do not envy the anti-Wilson orator who tries to make out a case against a policy dictated by a sincere regard for the strivings of the Mexican people towards a freer government, a policy which will have attained

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its object without reproducing on this continent the war horrors of bleeding Europe.

One record has been gloriously broken by the United States, yet we do not perceive any popular jubilation over it. For the first time in peace the estimates to be submitted to Congress call for expenditures of $1,250,000,000. We have long hovered on the edge of being a billion-dollar country, but here we go over it at a bound, with a quarter of a billion added to set the high mark. To what the big increase is due is no secret. Almost the whole of it is accounted for by the new hundreds of millions to be spent on the army and navy. Thus the warm rhetoric of preparedness is translated into terms of cold cash. The alarmist orators will have to pay up. And we notify them now that, when they find their income tax doubled, or one levied upon them which they have not had to pay as yet, they must not go about the land complaining of the folly and imbecility of the Government.

Discussion back and forth of the question whether the Pacific Mail sold its ships because of the La Follette bill or for other reasons is bound to yield more heat than light. In the whole matter we need to seek the facts in a calm spirit, and to be moderate and cautious. Sweeping predictions that the Seamen's act will drive the American flag clean off the Pacific are to be listened to with a great deal of skepticism. We know that one San Francisco line—the Matson steamers—is preparing not only to stay in the business, but to enlarge its fleet. Last week the dispatches reported the letting of a contract for a $1,000,000 steamship, to be used by the Matsons in the Hawaiian trade. By so much, this bears out the assertion of Mr. Andrew Furuseth that some ship-owners on the Coast were not afraid of the Seamen's act. But that measure, nevertheless, is going to need overhauling by Congress. One of its chief aims was to bring foreign ships into our ports under the same regulations as American. An opinion has been given by the Attorney-General, however, that this cannot be done under the law. There we have one reason for revising the bill; and another is found in the provisions regarding the language used or understood by sailors. The legislation was plainly not well considered in all its parts. Changes are necessary, and Congress ought to make them.

The Federal Reserve Board has shown just the kind of judgment and competency that has been hoped for it, in declining to approve the recommendation that had been made by President Wilson, with the backing of Secretary McAdoo, for the establishment by the Federal Reserve banks of joint agencies in leading cities of South and Central America. A project of this kind presents obvious allurement; the idea of mobilizing vast financial power for the extension of trade in a region of expanding possibilities is on its face highly attractive. "The combined capital stock and resources of our Federal Reserve banks," said Secretary McAdoo in a report accompanying the President's letter, "utilized in this way for the extension and promotion of our foreign commerce, would give them unrivalled financial power." The Federal Reserve Board, however, sees, in the utilization of the combined funds of the Federal Reserve banks for "pioneer work" of this kind, a diversion of the resources of the system which, in view of the fluctuations of exchange and of other circumstances, would tend to impair the strength of the system. The Board also points out that in consequence of the restrictions under which the Federal Reserve banks are necessarily obliged to act, they would not be in a position to compete successfully with the independent banks or branch banks established by European nations in Latin-American countries. The Board's proposal that the Federal Reserve act be amended so as to permit *member* banks to coöperate for the purpose of jointly owning and operating foreign banks appears to meet the situation admirably, and has the concurrence of Secretary McAdoo.

No sober-minded man can read the full text of the speech which Secretary McAdoo made at Indianapolis, last week, without a feeling almost of dismay. It is one thing for the Secretary of the Treasury to launch a new scheme for putting the Government into the shipping business. If he believes in such a project, he is entitled to his opinion, and may publicly advocate the plan if he chooses. But from a responsible officer of the Government we have a right to expect, in so important a matter, a well-considered utterance. He ought to show signs of having studied the subject deeply, arrived at mature conclusions, and weighed his words carefully. But little or nothing of this is to be found in Mr. McAdoo's address. It is a slap-dash production of the kind which a Congressman, going off half-cocked, might have made, and we should have passed it by with a smile; but coming from the Secretary of the Treasury, and considered as outlining a policy of the Administration, it causes something like a sinking of the heart. For it is so filled with happy-thought suggestions, of the promoter order, dismisses so lightly difficulty after difficulty, and passes with such sublime unconsciousness from one inconsistency to another—all the while maintaining a tone of grandiose certainty—that it gives the distinct impression of Col. Sellers coming back to life and dropping jauntily into magnificent and infallible plans for Government shipping.

The purpose of the Cotton Futures act was to minimize speculative abuses in sales of cotton for future delivery by requiring the use of official grades, written contracts, and a system based on actual commercial values in making settlements, so that the market quotations would mirror accurately the value of spot cotton. To this end the adopted Lever bill authorized the Secretary of Agriculture to establish grades from time to time, and levied a tax of two cents a pound on all cotton not so sold. The rejected Smith form would have established grades, and have forbidden the use of the mails or telegraph lines for the transmission of quotations not complying with the regulations. Judge Hough's decision in the Federal District Court that the act is unconstitutional is based on the fact that it originated in the Senate, whereas the two-cent tax makes it one of the revenue measures that must come from the House. Whether the Smith law to prevent "gambling" in cotton would be held unconstitutional must remain unknown until the issue is brought before the courts on broader grounds—if it ever is.

The acquittal of Mayor Bell, of Indianapolis, of connection with any election frauds, which is taken as presaging the breakdown of the case against Taggart and others, had been foreseen. In Indianapolis the alleged poll-fraud conspiracies always wore a very different aspect from those of Terre Haute, where a frank plea of guilty was made by 89 out of 115 men arrested. A previous attempt—made in June, 1914—to press indictments against election officers in Indianapolis failed completely. But that something is wrong in Indiana's capital seems clear. In the last eighteen months three separate investigations by the grand jury have been held, and three sets of indictments brought in; and evidence has been

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collected which, if not sufficient for the conviction of any one man, points strongly to the importation of voters by some agency, to the use of violence or threats, to tampering with election returns, and to repeating. As Indiana surveys the cases of corruption given publicity during the last year not only in the two cities named, but in Kokomo, Muncie, Newcastle, and Evansville, she must come to the conclusion that some sort of State housecleaning is necessary.

Reports of the extraction of potash on a commercially profitable basis from veins of alunite in Utah must be accepted with caution. Though Secretary Lane believes that permanent production from this source can be developed on a large scale, and announces the discovery of a new and simple process, the figures given out by the Department of the Interior indicate that the exploitation is still at an experimental stage. The possibility of obtaining potash from alunite has long been known, but it has heretofore been thought impossible to make use of the mineral, found as it is in remote sections of the country, in competition with the production from sylvite and carnallite at Strassfurt in Germany. Unless a cheap process of reduction can be perfected, the added cost of the long haul to Eastern and Southern markets would make it difficult to undersell the sea-shipped German potash. Everything depends upon the new methods announced by the Department. But in this activity, as well as in its encouragement of a greater use of the kelp of the Pacific for the making of potash, the Department deserves praise.

The rounding out of a hundred years of life is so rare as to make the occurrence notable when the centenarian is a leading citizen of one of our principal cities. On Sunday, at the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore, the pastor of the church, of which Mr. W. W. Spence—a hundred years old on Monday—has been a member for seventy-three years and a ruling elder for sixty-seven years, well said:

> I question whether any of our younger men, however faithful, render a more valuable service to vital religion in this community than is effected Sunday after Sunday by the mere sight of that venerable figure slowly moving up the aisle to his accustomed place.

The impression of sheer personality, apart from any specific appeal for this or that cause, is a factor in life whose value we are too apt nowadays to forget. Mr. Spence has been a public-spirited citizen as well as one of Baltimore's leading financial men. His interest in the Johns Hopkins University was shown in many ways, and in a particularly effective way when, at more than fourscore, he made a stirring speech—as well as a generous subscription—at a meeting held to provide an emergency fund when the University became financially embarrassed. His love for his native Scotland was attested in a manner peculiarly acceptable to American sentiment by the gift of a colossal statue of William Wallace—a replica of the statue at Stirling—which stands in a commanding position in Druid Hill Park. But the note struck by the pastor of his church is that to which one responds most heartily. It is an inspiring sight, and one that makes life seem to have more substance and more value, to see a man at the age of a hundred going on serenely in the ways that he had marked out for himself in his youth, faithful to those things, great and small, which he cherished and found good when life was all before him.

Both by formal meeting, last spring, and the presentation of a sun-dial to the college this autumn, Harvard's class of 1918 has testified to appreciation of President Lowell's innovation of freshman dormitories. There are other signs of the success of the University's new policies in guiding the whole student body. A full college generation has passed since the authorities began to tighten up the elective system. As is, of course, true in other institutions, it is no longer possible for the student to treat each course as a unit, and to make up his schedule in a random way; his studies must be grouped. And the tendency of the student body a few years ago to choose too much history, government, economics, and allied subjects—studies representing the line of least resistance—has been checked in another way. Hereafter students of these departments will take a general examination in their subjects at the end of the four years' course; while there is a similar requirement as to final oral examinations in French and German. This final examination has so many merits in itself that it would seem that it might be much extended, after the Oxford plan.

British submarines in the Baltic have recently been accounting for German merchant ships to a degree comparable with the achievements of the German "blockade" of Great Britain. Formerly there was dissatisfaction in England with the supposed failure of the undersea boat to do its bit against Germany. It took some time for the public to recognize that the submarine cannot be sent against coast batteries or fenced-in harbors. In the North Sea there are no hostile ships, war or merchant, for the British submarine to strike at. It is different in the Baltic, which is the principal highway for such sustenance as Germany still draws from the outside. On the naval side it is apparent that if the British can get enough undersea boats into the Baltic, the German fleet may be held almost as closely to the eastern end of the Kiel Canal as to the North Sea end. It is a problem of getting the submarines through the difficult waters of the Scandinavian narrows. Once in the Baltic, the British boats can operate, of course, from Russian harbors. The signs indicate that they have already played their part in the defence of Riga. The Baltic offers the real challenge to British aggressiveness in submarine warfare. It may be harder for the boats to get into the land-locked sea than for the Germans to get out into the North Sea and the Atlantic, but once on the spot, the British boats can operate more easily than their opponents.

News of the victory of the Indian army under Gen. Nixon over the Turks at Kut-el-Amara, two-thirds of the distance from Basra to Bagdad, seems to have found most Englishmen ignorant that any force was attempting such a task. The London *Nation* speaks of the "gross lack of imagination which has deprived us of earlier news of . . . . operations of the highest military and political interest." Apart from the romantic interest of a capture of the golden city of Haroun-al-Raschid, the taking of Bagdad would round out a British colonial policy that has been slowly taking shape for two decades and which contemplates control of fertile tracts in Arabistan, Luristan, and Mesopotamia. It would mean possessing the wheat fields of the Tigris and Euphrates, which will be of great value when Sir William Willcocks completes his work of irrigation, a firmer grip on the oil fields at Mohamera, and exploitation of the mineral wealth northeast of Bagdad. A successful campaign, moreover, would impress India with the safety of her bulwarks to the west, and would end with the British and Russians joining hands on a line reaching down from the Black Sea through Van, Nineveh, and Mosul to the deserts of Arabia. Returned missionaries from lower Mesopotamia speak of the work Great Britain has already done in improving Basra and other cities.

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THE PRESIDENT AND PREPAREDNESS.

The announcement that President Wilson is shortly to make a statement explaining his reasons for adopting *in toto* the recommendations made by the authorities of the army and navy is most welcome, for there are many things about this lurch towards militarism that need explaining, lest the enterprise be regarded as largely a strategical move for the purpose of heading off Mr. Roosevelt and the Republicans. There are far deeper issues underlying this question of American "preparedness" than most people realize. Thus it is not a question affecting the United States alone. We cannot be definitely committed to a policy of steadily enlarging military and naval forces without its reacting upon Europe. The increase of the American fleet, even before the European war, was made an excuse by the German and British navalists to demand more sacrifices of their own people. Who knows but that this action by Mr. Wilson, if approved by Congress, may have a fateful and baleful effect upon the efforts to bring about universal European disarmament, which will surely be made at the conclusion of the war?

Certainly he is on the road to tie the hands of the United States and deprive it of its unexcelled moral position, from which it might use its influence at that hour to relieve the whole world of the crushing burden of armaments. When the German pacifists and Socialists, at that moment of reckoning and readjustment, cry disarm, will not their mouths be closed if the Chancellor or the Kaiser points to the United States arming in hot haste and adopting for the first time that vicious Continental institution, a five-year naval budget? There, they will say, is the freest of nations, and one of the richest. You see they have tried going on without militarism for over a century, and now they, too, find in it the "highest good." Moreover, this world of ours must at the conclusion of this frightful struggle abroad decide whether for generations it is to be reactionary, pressing down the masses not only by the staggering costs of this war, but by the burdens of new wars, or whether it is to be progressive and forward-looking. It is to the former possibility that Woodrow Wilson to-day seems bent on lending his own great influence and that of the United States. Surely, he must have some cogent, far-reaching, compelling reason to make him lean towards the side of force when he has just proved anew the moral power of the United States in his successful dealings with Germany.

But there are still other vital reasons why an explanation is due to the public from the President. Why can the United States not await the outcome of the war before moving to arm? It is admitted in Washington that the naval men are literally all at sea as to the lessons of the war in Europe; the British navy has had to meet new problems because of the German submarine. On land, too, the trench warfare has worked a revolution in fighting. But even the final verdict as to this the President does not await, nor the drawing of definite conclusions as to the extraordinary importance assumed by the field artillery. A year's wait could have injured us not at all.

Again, Congress should not hesitate to ask the President some searching questions, so far as the increase of the army is concerned, as to why he purposes to build further on the present inadequate and insufficient foundations. They cost, and continue to cost, enormous sums for which the public is entitled to receive a far better and more efficient army than it has. Why not, before the burden of taxation is heavily increased, and bonds are issued to cover the cost of current military expense, ask whether, by reforming radically our whole military service, vast sums could not be saved to devote to fresh extensions—if such there must be? What about those political forts that Secretary Stimson and so many others have loudly protested against as swallowing needless millions merely for the benefit of some politicians' fences? Are they to be left untouched by Woodrow Wilson? We cannot believe it—not if the President has given more than superficial thought to the matter. For if there is one branch of the Government service which more than any other needs scientific management of its expenditures, it is this one of the army.

Granting without question the cleverness of the political manœuvre by which the President has spiked the guns of his critics, we none the less feel that here was an issue so solemn and so full of the possibilities of evil that it should have been approached with the same complete detachment from partisanship which marked Mr. Wilson's admirable handling of the German issue. A temporary political gain—of what value is that when so much is at stake, when such profound moral issues underlie the whole? We are aware, of course, that those who would have us arm to the teeth are certain that we can embrace militarism and not be affected by its poison; just as the nation was so certain in 1898 that if we went into the business of colonizing we should do it altogether wisely and without walking into any of the pitfalls into which other colonizing nations have strayed. Time has shown differently; but that does not affect our superb confidence in military preparedness. But even this pales for the moment beside the question whether, in his new slogan of "America first," the President has not forgotten the fine note of his Philadelphia speech in which he correctly defined the real American motto as "Humanity first."

THE BALKAN PUZZLE.

In London and Paris the developments in the Balkans have plainly created a sense of bitter disappointment, with the suggestion here and there of something like panic. Critics of the Government in both capitals who are asking the reasons for the failure of Balkan diplomacy are not indulging in a mere bewailing of spilt milk; for the diplomatic and military situations are closely intertwined. Sir Edward Grey and Premier Viviani are at pains to explain the defection of Bulgaria, but the probable reason was stated some time ago in Berlin. It is the German armies that have supplied the logic which persuaded Czar Ferdinand to throw in his fortunes with the Central Powers. Bulgarian duplicity has gone only so far as to pretend that Sofia was hesitating when she had already made up her mind. But there can be little doubt that Bulgaria was all along prepared to go in on the winning side. One Balkan state has thus gone on record as believing in the ultimate victory of the Teutonic Powers. The question now arousing anxiety in London and Paris is whether the same argument may not operate in Greece. Lord Lansdowne has said in almost so many words that an attack by Greece is possible.

But Greece waging war on the Allies is as yet a development hard to imagine. The position of the Allied land forces would indeed be hazardous if the Greek army were to strike out in their rear, but it is a risk which Greece cannot afford to take. Whatever might be the ultimate outcome of the campaign, Greece, as the nation most exposed to the Allied naval forces, would suffer immediately. Her principal towns are seaports and open to bombardment. Even if we imagine the Piræus being secretly mined and fortified against an Allied attack, there are still Salonica, Patras, Corfu, at the

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mercy of a hostile fleet. There is insular Greece—Crete and the Ægean islands—where the hopes of future expansion must lie; they would obviously be lost from the beginning. These facts must be taken in conjunction with the national public sentiment which inclines to the side of the Allies. It is not mere accident that Venizelos is on their side. He comes from Crete. He was the chief instrument in the annexation of that island, the first realization of the dream of a Greater Greece stretching across the Ægean to the coast of Asia Minor. If the test in the Balkans is now, as Berlin asserts, a test between land power and sea power, Greece belongs distinctly with the maritime nations. Such considerations render highly improbable the entrance of Athens on the Teutonic side, in spite of the difficulties arising from the present anomalous situation of a Government which refuses to live up to its treaty of alliance with Servia, yet permits its principal port to be used as a base for the succor of the Servian people.

Assuming the indefinite neutrality of Greece, the military situation in the Balkans presents itself somewhat as follows: On the side of the Central Powers there is the Austro-German army in Servia, which we may place at about 150,000 men. Servian estimates do not put it above that number, and the effect of the withdrawal of Germanic troops from the Russian front has been felt so immediately that a further thinning of the line in the east is not probable. Bulgaria's army may be estimated at a quarter of a million men. The Turkish forces in Europe cannot be more than 200,000. The Allies thus have some 650,000 men to deal with. Against this formidable display there are the Servians to the number of 150,000, if we consider the waste of previous campaigns and the ravages of disease, and the Anglo-French forces in the Dardanelles of about 200,000 men. The Allies would thus be outnumbered 2 to 1, and if we include the troops landed in Salonica, the odds against them must be at least 3 to 2. The Central Powers have the further advantage of forming a solid line. Bulgaria strikes hands with the Teutons in the north and the Turks in the south. The Allies, on the other hand, are broken in two, with a great gap between Gallipoli and the expeditionary force in Servia. More than that, the Gallipoli army is more than half of the entire Allied strength, which leaves less than one-half to face the onset of two-thirds of the Central armies.

This is the situation which Paris and London properly regard as grave. That it is not desperate is the teaching of the war up to the present. The strength of the defensive has so clearly been demonstrated that even if outnumbered three to two, the Allies should be able to stem the tide until the disparity in numbers is redressed. But here is where new doubts arise. If each of the Allies were to throw 50,000 men into the Balkans, the situation would be altered. Russia has promised to send men as soon as available, but Russia needs all the men she can raise, and the suggested landing in Bulgaria is full of difficulties. The Allies, however, might do without Russia. Italy might spare a hundred thousand men. The Anglo-French could make up the rest. But is the venture worth while? That is the question to the fore, especially in Paris. France needs her men. Unlike England, she is not at liberty to think of brilliant possibilities far away while her own territory is still in the hands of the invader. Even Italy might use her two or three army corps to advantage in the north against Austria. Hence there is talk in Paris and London of the possibility of giving up the Balkan campaign. It would mean a great loss of prestige. It would mean the abandonment of Servia. But the war might be won by a concentration in France and Belgium. Yet the indications are strong that as between the party that favors taking the losses in the Balkans and those who favor throwing in higher stakes, the latter will have their way.

FIFTY YEARS OF VASSAR.

The celebration at Vassar, marking the completion of a half-century of her existence, has not been wanting either in earnestness or in enthusiasm. New president and former president, and representatives of other institutions of learning, recognized in their addresses the importance of her work in the past, the significance of the work awaiting her in the future; and the great concourse of alumnæ attested that loyalty to alma mater which is characteristic of the American college graduate, male or female. The inevitable question of the aim of a college, the justification of its existence, was duly discussed; and the question of the limits of the elective system and of the claims of vocational as against cultural education received its share of attention. What we miss—trusting to the newspaper reports of the proceedings—is a certain note of jubilation which a vivid realization of what has happened in these fifty years in the field of the higher education of women would seem naturally to suggest. If it is a fault, it may well be classed as a "good fault"; it is certainly in striking contrast to the sort of self-glorification to which, in the earlier history of our country, we were far too prone when dwelling on national achievement in any direction. And yet it appears to argue a certain want of free-hearted enjoyment of what is in itself good and beautiful which, we suspect, is a by-product of the current worship of "service" as the exclusive object of all praiseworthy effort.

It may not be historically accurate to speak of Vassar as the first college for women; in these matters, as in questions of invention and of scientific discovery, there are almost always precursors, more or less important and approximating more or less nearly to the final achievement. But from the standpoint of a large survey, it is right to speak of the foundation of Vassar College not only as one of the chief events in the history of the opening of higher educational opportunities to women, the world over, but as distinctly marking the beginning of the era of the woman's college. Nothing that had been done before stood out as did this opening of a full-fledged college for women, one that not only pretended to a place coördinate with that of men's colleges, but was accorded that place in the general judgment and became familiar in that capacity to the general mind. Eighteen years before, Tennyson, in "The Princess," had set before the English-speaking world the vision of such a college:

> O I wish
> That I were some great princess, I would build
> Far off from men a college like a man's.
> And I would teach them all that men are taught.

But it had remained a vision, and it was reserved for an American brewer, instead of "some great princess," to realize the Tennysonian picture:

> Pretty were the sight
> If our old halls should change their sex, and flaunt
> With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
> And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

For a number of years, Vassar, as President Taylor said in his address, "stood alone in the popular estimate." And to any one who has felt a keen interest in the advance of the idea which Vassar did so much to establish the progress which that idea has made in the short space of fifty years must appear as one of the most remarkable developments of our time.

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One has not to be an old man to recall the time when a young woman who was a college graduate was looked upon as a singular phenomenon. Now, in families in which it is regarded as a matter of course that the young men shall go to college, the sending of the young women to college is looked upon as just as normal and natural. The question of women's intellectual ability to pursue college studies has completely lapsed; nobody ever raises it nowadays. Indeed, the time is not distant—perhaps it is already here—when persons of the younger generation will have to be told as a mere matter of history that such doubts were ever entertained. But one does not have to go back anything like fifty years to remember the difficulty with which the opening of women's opportunities in university, as distinguished from college, work was attended. Gradually, but steadily, there has come recognition of the fact that there are women—comparatively few in number, it is true, but the same is true of men—who are gifted both with the intellectual power and the intellectual aspirations that go to the making of scholars and scientists, and that these should have the opportunity to develop their talents.

Not the least important aspect of the influence which has come from the founding of Vassar College, and of its successors at Northampton, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, and elsewhere, is that which has been exercised on the other side of the Atlantic. Girton and Newnham came well after Vassar, and the opening of the German universities to women was largely the result of the desire of American women to avail themselves of the opportunities of those great institutions. The kindness, the liberalism, or the appreciation of special worth, shown by one or another of the great German professors, was, as a rule, the entering wedge; later what had been a special exception became the rule. How entirely unfamiliar in Germany was the idea of the American women's college, even as lately as a score of years ago, may be illustrated by a little incident. A young German scholar of distinction had been appointed professor in one of the best of our women's colleges. A former colleague of his had heard of the appointment, and, speaking to an American visitor, expressed his surprise that such a man should have been willing to accept a position in a Höhere Töchterschule! When informed that the "Töchterschule" in question had standards of admission and instruction approximately the same as those of Harvard College, he was utterly amazed. In the field of women's education at least, America may say that she has been a leader.

DANA AND OUR LITERATURE OF THE SEA.

The centenary of the birth of Richard Henry Dana, observed this week in Cambridge, brings to memory a type of minor author which we are too prone to forget. Dana is part of the anti-slavery history of his time, and on that aspect of his life Moorfield Storey was asked to speak. He had a distinguished career in international law, which was dealt with by Joseph Choate. He was of robust personality, and Howells and others have amusingly recalled the gusto of his public life and of his stories of the West. But his claim to immortality is based upon his masterly depiction of sea-life; and as it constituted his single book, even those who have read it with the interest it always holds are likely to underestimate his literary prominence. Historically, this is considerable. His "Two Years Before the Mast" carried the American name farther and wider than any other work except that of Irving and Cooper during decades in which our writers were very generally despised. More than a half-century ago it was read in England as of the stuff of the classics. Intrinsically, his book will never lack discriminating applause, whether it flags in the popular esteem or not. William Clark Russell is said to have called this production of a youth the most memorable of all contributions to the literature of the sea, and readers of Jack London may remember a recent dictum of his that when Marryat and Cooper have gone to dust, still there will remain Dana.

There is a sound reason why Dana, unlike Herman Melville, Cooper, Nordhoff, London, and other of our writers of the sea, was a "one-book author." His "Two Years Before the Mast" was a masterpiece, not because Dana was an imaginative genius, but because he was able and sober—clear-sighted, hard-headed, and self-controlled, with a nervous style to put down what he felt. With his nineteen years he brought to his voyage a trained mind and a fresh vision for the graphic details about him. For all his sense of the value of concreteness, dialogue, movement, and climax, there is never suspicion that he draws the long bow—and there is evidence that he lacked any faculty for doing so. Melville's "Typee" and "Omoo" are the best examples of actual sea-experience embroidered by sentiment and imagination. And beyond doubt Dana was even less capable of telling an ingenious and crowded narrative, of the kind Marryat and Cooper wrote. His power of showing in photographic detail the hoisting of the hides, the tarring of the rigging, the holystoning of the deck, the sailors' off-hours' occupation of making spun-yarn, was intimately connected with the poise which kept him safely out of such episodes as the brutal flogging of his mates off San Diego, and which made a prolonged voyage with the roughest of men a tonic and nothing else to his character. His shrewdness made picturesque his descriptions of character, and the faithfulness of his chronicle did not prevent his seeing the high lights in a fight, a fandango, or a ship's race; but it is significant that he saw but one beautiful or romantic spot in California. He tells us in a postscript "twenty-four years after" that his book had been used as a guide by all the flood of forty-niners, and its business-like simplicity would justify such a use.

Would it be possible to add to our sea-literature a modern picture in the mode of "Two Years Before the Mast"? It could not be done; and in the fact that the seafaring conditions of Dana's time have utterly passed away will hereafter lie his book's chief attraction. He struck the sea at the moment when its speedy clippers, its domineering captains, its dashing voyages to lands all but unknown, its speculative elements, its grim-fisted but hard-working sailors, gave it its greatest glory. The dirty Tyne traders of Masefield, the oil-tankers, the steady-going liners, the slow and sober type of sailing ship, are nowhere beside the ships of the thirties. Vessels, at the behest of admiralty courts, trade congresses, and underwriters, are no longer built for a crack pace. Instead of a gambling on dare-devil ventures, profits are calculated to the fraction of a cent, and runs are controlled to a knot by cables reaching every port. Sea-writers lament that crews have become simply a class of manual laborers, and that peril and distance no longer lure boys from the farm and office to the ocean. On Dana's voyage the old tars talked with wonder of the *chro*-nometer, the *chre*-nometer, and the *the*-nometer in the captain's cabin; and the first not working well on a single trial, it was discarded for the old-fashioned dead-reckoning. The tar and slush, the hand-windlass and pea-jacket, are gone as far as are half of the very nau-

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tical terms Dana uses, or as the pirate, with "a black hull, armed, and full of men, and showing no colors," which chased the Pilgrim a whole September day and night.

There is thus a certainty that our books of the sea must depend increasingly for interest and value upon character and plot; that they will be of the school of Conrad, Kipling, Russell, and London; and that Dana's narrative will maintain a fairly undisputed precedence not merely for its high literary merits, but because its subject-matter sets it apart. He could write but one such book, and a second could no more be written now than a second "Oregon Trail." A people not of seafaring character should recall with satisfaction that it is an American who is credited with it—that England once paid us the compliment of distributing a copy of an American book to every sailor of her fleet.

FASCINATING SCIENCE.

Probably none of the men who have labored to make natural science interesting has so combined passionate curiosity, endless patience, and life-long enthusiasm for an ideal with an instinct for literary form as did Henri Fabre. So fast has the reputation of his books grown in the last few years that it is hard to comprehend that, though his first important entomological work appeared in 1855, a half-century later he was all but unknown. The ten volumes of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques" are a scientific series for which we have to go back to Buffon for a parallel. Yet not till after 1910 did the Institute crown them and the French Government grant him a pension. His early life was one of severe poverty; he endured constant snubs as a teacher and keeper of a museum at Avignon; and when rescued from his worst financial straits by John Stuart Mill, he went back to the life of a small agriculturist. Not even his casual services to Darwin brought him notice. His discovery we owe to Maeterlinck, himself author of an imitative life of the bee; and Maeterlinck's essay on "The Insects' Homer" was followed by a wave of international interest. Fabre's translator, A. T. De Mattos, doubts that the Anglo-Saxon world five years ago contained a thousand people who had heard Fabre's name, but since then a half-dozen of his books have sold in repeated editions, and new issues are still appearing.

The fascinating way in which Fabre depicted the life of the insects has been the admiration of naturalists; yet it was a natural result of the method in which he set out to observe that life. With the dryness of the schools he had no patience. He was constantly appealing to the intimacy with which he lived beside his insects to refute the critics who thought that a page that was read without fatigue could not be an expression of the truth. His impatience with literary dulness rose from his impatience with dull methods of observation. His colleagues ripped up an insect and turned it into an object of horror and pity, whereas he studied it alive and caused it to be admired; they labored in a dissecting-room, he under a blue sky; they subjected cell and protoplasm to chemical tests, he studied instinct in its farthest ramifications. Both methods are necessary, but his alone turns science into literature. "If I write for men of learning who will one day try to unravel the problem of the insect mind," he declared, "I write also, I write above all, for the youthful. I want to make them love the natural history that others make them hate; and that is why, while keeping strictly to the domain of truth, I avoid the scientific prose which too often, alas, seems borrowed from some Iroquois idiom." He made the discovery that the insect world is one of such strangeness, grotesqueness, and even terribleness that a close recital of the doings of its inhabitants revealed almost a new universe; and he was willing to give days and nights of acute inspection and quick comprehension to its weird occurrences. In volumes devoted, one after the other, to the Spider, the Fly, the Ant, the Bee, the Beetle and Weevil, the Wasp, the Grasshopper and Moth, and the Scorpion, he justified Darwin's praise of him as "the incomparable observer."

Readers of "Walden" will remember the description of the battle of the ants on the chip pile. The panorama which Fabre spreads out is a series of such engrossing pictures. We are introduced to the newborn blue-bottle fly, the pulsations of its forehead and eyes becoming the instrument of its deliverance as it pushes up through the rubbish; to the larva of the rose-chafer, which with legs on its belly always crawls on its back; to the praying mantis, the frightful aspect of which, in the "spectral attitude," deprives its victims of their power of movement; to the female scorpion, which devours the male in the act of mating. There is the heuscospis, which arms itself with horn and shield to slay its younger brothers and sisters in their cradle; the Tachytes and Ammophila, possessed of such anatomical knowledge that, as they wish to paralyze or kill their prey, they know exactly which nerve-centre to strike; the tarantula, her cave two perpendicular passages connected over a narrow ledge, on which she awaits her prey; the Eumenes, who makes of her stronghold a museum adorned with shells and translucent quartz. There is an account of such marvellous faculties as that of a species of wild bee which, housing its eggs in honey-pots cut from leaves, and working in darkness underground, knows precisely of what dimensions to cut the lid-disk so that it will fit in and yet not smother the eggs by sliding down on the honey. His retirement at Sérignan, near the home of that other venerable Provençal figure, Mistral, afforded him the leisure for his close and toilsome vigils beside his insects. His brief narrative of the slow progress of the scarab with its ball to its chosen retreat, its vicissitudes, its struggles with its rivals, and its eventual success, for example, is a concentration of the watching of weeks. In his chapters on the scorpion he himself tells us of how frequently he had himself roused at midnight to seize an opportune moment to watch its actions, and held his station till dawn. But it would be unjust to emphasize exclusively Fabre's observation, his scientific minuteness, and his powers of picturesque narration. He had an ingenuity in formulating hypotheses as great as the chemist's or physicist's, and he had an analytical mind which met successfully multifarious problems of environment, of anatomy, of the origin of species, and of instinct and intelligence.

The enthusiasm with which he labored was an animating force to which penury, misunderstanding, and obscurity were nothing. He was on the track of truth; he found, as he put it, every year "a few grains of sand on the shore," and that was reward enough. His life and monumental work are the most eloquent rebuke to the sort of pseudo-naturalist of which this country has seen so much in recent years—the nature fakers who, with something of Fabre's regard for interest, but none for accuracy, imposed spurious analogues to human society upon the animal world. While science always needs workers who must seem abstracted and dry to the layman, its more open aspects will require men like Fabre, who find in them a life so full and vivid that they cannot but write of it with vitality and glow.

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Foreign Correspondence

THE BUDGET—READING IN ENGLAND IN WAR-TIME—GERMANISM IN RUSSIA.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, September 28.

The announcements of the Budget have been received with a cheerfulness that seems to indicate that the immediately necessary new taxes are not quite so bad as we feared. The criticisms have on the whole been very favorable, and the only innovation to which anything like a widespread resistance is threatened is the abolition of the halfpenny postal card—a comparatively trifling matter. Mr. McKenna is generally supposed to have found his niche at last, and there are not wanting veteran members of the House of Commons to declare that his Budget speech was the best they ever heard. An exception to the general feeling that the new burdens have been distributed with equity among the working, the middle, and the wealthy classes is found in the *New Statesman*, which describes the Budget as cruel and inadequate.

The daily reading matter of the British public at this moment may be roughly divided into two classes: that connected with the war and that of pure distraction. It is not only the soldier in the trenches who welcomes the story magazines, the sevenpenny novel, and such delightful extravaganza as Mr. H. G. Wells's "Bealby." Here and there, there may be a few superior persons who can forget the blood and rapine of their horizon by absorption in the tomes of classical and standard literature; but I imagine that most people find somewhat lighter material a surer, if temporary, anodyne. All forms of seriousness are too much akin to that terrible seriousness radiating from the fields of Flanders and the rugged hills of Gallipoli, and are something to be eschewed.

The reading connected directly or indirectly with the war is largely furnished by the daily and weekly press, letters from the front in type or MS., the official and diplomatic publications of the various European governments, and the hordes of pamphlets which formed the subject of my last letter to the *Nation*. Not a few longer books have, however, also been widely read—a fact deduced not merely from publishers' lists and favorable reviews, but from the records of actual sale, from seeing them in the hands of one's friends, and from hearing them discussed at dinner-tables and in clubs. Thus, in the early stages of the war, the names of Nietzsche, Treitzschke, Bernhardi, von Bülow, Clausewitz, Frobenius, Houston Chamberlain, Münsterberg, Usher, and Cramb were in everybody's mouth. More recently we have been reading such books as the graphic histories of the first stages of the war by John Buchan and Hilaire Belloc; "How Belgium Saved Europe," by Charles Sarolea; "The War and Democracy," by R. W. Seton-Watson and others; the "History of Twelve Days," by J. W. Headlam; "The Soul of the War," by Philip Gibbs; "When Blood is their Argument" and "Between St. Dennis and St. George," by Ford Madox Hueffer; "Ordeal by Battle," by F. S. Oliver; "The World in the Crucible," by Sir Gilbert Parker; "The Political Economy of War," by F. W. Hirst; "With the German Armies in the West," by Sven Hedin; "Nationality and the War," by Arnold Toynbee; several American works such as those by J. William White, J. M. Beck, Owen Wister, John Jay Chapman, Morton Prince, and C. W. Eliot; "Russia and Democracy," by G. de Wesselitsky, and "J'Accuse," by an anonymous German. The last has recently been noticed in the *Nation*.

M. G. de Wesselitsky's "Russia and Democracy" is a book of exceptional interest, being principally a study of the "peaceful penetration" of Russia by Germanism during the last two hundred years. His judgment on this penetration is indicated by the alternative title of his book—viz., "The German Canker in Russia." As a strong advocate of the policy of "Russia for the Russians," M. de Wesselitsky may occasionally strain a point in his endeavor to prove that Germanism has always and invariably been a malign influence in the Russian body; but he certainly marshals a great deal of evidence that is always plausible and often convincing. His attitude recalls that of an American friend of mine, who is able to look on the bright side of this war because he believes it has come just in time to check the baleful permeation of the world by Germanic ideas of private ethics, intellectual training, and international policy.

M. Wesselitsky begins his tale with Peter the Great, who marred his otherwise beneficent work by a "fatal separation of the new bureaucratic noblesse from the mass of the people, which permitted the domination of the Russian state by a foreign nationality." His account of the privileges granted to German individuals and institutions is really startling. The Court, diplomacy, the army, and the higher administration became, to a very large extent, the private preserve of the Germans. Such names and influences as Biron and Nesselrode (who never even learned to speak Russian) are typical. It may surprise my readers to know that the Russian Academy of Sciences, until quite recently, published its proceedings in German; and that its hostility to Russian scientists was so pronounced that when Mendeleëv came to Oxford to receive an honorary degree, he was able to state that the Russian Academy was the only one in Europe of which he was *not* a member. Gen. Yermolov, when asked by Alexander I what reward he wished for his services, replied: "Give me the rank of German, and the rest will follow of itself." The Lutheran Church was long practically the most privileged church in Russia. M. Wesselitsky thinks that many, if not most, of Russia's wars have been really carried on in the interests of Germany, and he notes that Germany knew how to get a big price for her neutrality in the Russo-Japanese War. He quotes Jentsch to the effect that Germany would find in Russia "an immense field for the activity of the surplus of her population, which would not be lost for the Fatherland as when it emigrates to America." Apropos of this sentence, however, M. Wesselitsky refers to the bill for the "Conservation of Germanic Nationality" (1911), and the allegation that hundreds of thousands of Germans in other countries have made "private" declarations of their indestructible German allegiance. This seems to him a matter that demands the serious attention of the United States; and the timeliness of this warning is accentuated by the evidence he brings forward that German Ambassadors in Petrograd have been implicated in the instigation of strikes and internal uprisings.

A SUBMERGED PEOPLE RISES—LETTS AND LITHUANIANS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, October 1.

"If you wish to hear from human lips some echo of what the language originally common to Indo-Europeans may have been, go and listen to Lithuanian peasants talking."

This is what Professor Meillet, of the Collège de France, says. It is also said these peasants understand simple phrases of Sanscrit propounded to them by other learned professors, because their own rude speech is still nearest to that ancient tongue. The idea of the man in the street that they speak some kind of Slav dialect because they hail from Russia is quite wrong. They and their language are arrested developments from before the time when Greeks and Romans set out on the ways of progress. And for the last thousand years and more they have lived under their present name in the bogland which has made outlandish reading through this war—in the basins of the Niemen and the Duna and where the Nareff and the Bug drain the marshes and down to Brest-Litovsky, which means Brest of the Lithuanians.

Here they have lived for ages, sometimes serfs and rarely masters, and of late "organized" for the few of them under Prussian governors and ruled for the immense majority of them by Russians. When no one hindered, which was rare, they have emigrated. They state that 500,000 of their race are in the United States; 300,000 are still in Eastern Prussia, which was their own "Borussia" of the old time, but name and land were long since taken from them; and in Russia and Poland there have been anywhere from 3,000,000, which is Prince Kropotkin's figure, to 7,000,000, which their own representatives now put forward.

These representatives have twice met in the last weeks. On the 3d and 4th of August, in a conference at Berne, Switzerland, they, too, demanded a place in the sun and their right to exist on dry and independent land. Here the representatives came from all the habitats of their race under whatever sun, to claim the right of their immemorial bogland.

In September's third week, the Letts, who are an offshoot of the Lithuanian race when the world was younger and still neighbors, held their own congress in Petrograd. They, too, decided not to abandon their homes for many and sad reasons of war. The whole story is worth telling in these days when all of us are learning new geographies with maps colored by emotions. A people that has kept its immemorial seat and language, its customs of blood and race unchanged through the ages when rights of men were not, demands, as a result of this war, that it shall henceforth be a nation also, with at least that independence which is called autonomy.

Let us begin with the Letts. They inhabit Courland and Livonia, where the German threat has been strongest. Like prehistoric human animals, their first impulse has been to flee before the invader. Some of them scurried away to the Volga, where the people rose up against them, mistaking them for the dreaded Germans, since these Letts speak no Russian. Those who got to the Ural and Siberia met the same ill-treatment—veritable "pogroms," a name which we wrongly are accustomed to limit to race riots against the Jews in Russia. The Lett congress at Petro-

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grad pleads with these frightened brothers not to leave their peaceful homes and villages until their representatives can find for them safe refuges in inner Russia, with sure return when the invader shall have been beaten back. It seems not to have struck the Lett inagination that life under German rule might be possible.

Among all these Letto-Lithuanian peoples evil traditions survive of the Teutonic knights who first brought the terror of the German name. They got a footing at Königsberg, whence they subjugated the surrounding Borussi who were good Lithuanians. These were exterminated in short order or swamped in the tide of German immigration, until somehow, in our day, Prussia—which originally was Borussia—heads the German name and fame. It was under pressure of the Teutonic Knights that all these Lett-Lithuanians took shelter in their boglands where the Prussians, who long since stole their name and lands, have now found them out. This time they hope not to have to flee permanently.

Next the Lithuanians fell under the Poles and became an intermittent part of their rackety kingdom. It is Russia's promise of autonomy for Poland to-day which has stirred these Lithuanians to ask as much for themselves. True, they have no modern memories of independence, but it would be the irony of human things if the Poles should now oppose them. Such things have happened within my own memory.

As a boy in the United States, I was taught to declaim speeches of Kossuth and I wore a Kossuth hat. All of us were afire with Hungarian freedom. Thirty years later, a dark-bearded, sallow-skinned representative of the Balkans knocked at my door in Paris and asked my help in the American press—to disclose how Kossuth's Magyars had used their independence to smother the rights of their subject Rumanians of Transylvania. He proffered copious documents, evidently prepared by the still nascent Government of the independent Rumanians, and, coughing behind his hand, insinuated that I might be decorated with the Star of Rumania if I chose to write in defence of those unemancipated Rumanians. I put aside the temptation of the Star and accepted the heap of documents, in which I found authentic and interesting material for publication—but the Rumanians of Transylvania are still under Hungary, and the war is only now looking to uniting them with independent Rumania.

The Lithuanians are resolved not to let the nations free the Poles while subjugating to them their own millions of men so different in blood and speech and manners and religion—and even in the lands they occupy. And they wish their brother Letts to be freed from their Baltic masters.

Of course, freedom and autonomy do not mean, either for Poles or Lithuanians, the constitution of more warring states; but they do mean town meetings and federalism respecting nationalities. And what can make a nation more than common race and speech and habits of living together? These Lithuanians only ask self-government from below up, which is democracy, and Tocqueville's remedy for modern ills, and safety from neighboring and more powerful nations, which implies the Federalism that is President Eliot's remedy in the present. In what they ask in their Conference of Berne and in their Congress of Petrograd, I find nothing more than that autonomy which we know by the name of home rule—nothing equivalent to a beginning even of disruption of the Russian Empire. And, by the way, Czar Nicholas II, who is "Autocrat of all the Russias," also signs himself Grand Duke of Lithuania and Prince of Livonia and Courland and various other districts of the bogland in question.

Songs are still sung by Russian Slavs, acknowledging gratefully that Lithuanians protected them against the Tatars. Under the Lithuanians, these protected Slavs had liberal home rule, as Professor Lubavsky, of the University of Moscow, now admits.

In any event, here we have a typical example of the political problems which ought to be settled by this war. It has not been a melting-pot of nationalities like the peaceful existence of the United States. Rather, it is the breaking up and precipitating down of separate elements from a previous conglomerate. It is Russia—if she wills—that will have the least difficulty in settling all these vague autonomies.

The California Expositions

By WILLIAM MACDONALD.

There is probably no city in America which would have been so likely to diffuse, through every part of a great international exposition, its own peculiar spirit, atmosphere, and color as the city of San Francisco. From the rough, buoyant days of the first gold-seekers, through all the years in which other wealth than gold has steadily come to the ascendant, San Francisco has remained, as it began, a place of distinction. Its great bay, one of the most superb in all the world; its steep hills opening to view the mountains and the sea; the semi-tropical vegetation of its gardens and parks; its parti-colored population drawn from the four quarters of the globe; its eager, venturesome business life, with the spending of money, quickly made; the long-time corruption of its politics, punctuated by the fervid oratory of the sand-lots or by short-lived spasms of reform; the mellowing tradition of its Spanish past, set with missions and priests and a Roman faith; the penetrating chill of its summer fogs and winds; the gorgeous sunsets of its Golden Gate: all these and more, recounted by writers, artists, travellers, or men of affairs, have combined to surround San Francisco with the halo of a city apart, a unique community of indefinable attractiveness, a place where life, and the people who lived it, were different.

Such externals, however, were, after all, only the setting. What gave San Francisco its charm, alike for the resident as for the casual visitor, was its pervading atmosphere of freedom. Accessible to the rest of the Union, for twenty years after the first influx of English-speaking population, only by mail-coach or pony express across the plains, or a tedious voyage of weeks by way of the Isthmus or Cape Horn, and still remote in important domains of thought and interest from some of the currents of American life, the men and women of the formative period were thrown back upon themselves. Largely free from conventional restraints, and with no dominating social caste to bring them to book, they ordered their lives as they pleased. Personal and corporate conduct, if it so be that open lawlessness and public scandal were avoided, was largely unrestrained. No one asked the newcomer who he was or what he had been: it sufficed to know the name by which he wished to be called and the kind of work he could do. It was a society in which liberty was often license, in which money counted for more than virtue, and in which the cup of pleasure was drunk and drained. What has only slowly been perceived, however, what for the older American East has as yet hardly been perceived at all, is that underneath this energetic pursuit of wealth, lavish expenditure, and moral relaxation lay a profound and strenuous concern for art, for music, for literature; for everything, in fact, which embodied intellectual interest or the spirit of beauty. Around the Bay of San Francisco has steadily grown up a distinctive and worthy literature. The annual plays of the Bohemian Club, quite apart from their romantic staging, embody some of the best dramatic and musical work done in the United States. Here, too, has developed a group of painters, sculptors, architects, illustrators, and designers whose work need not fear comparison with good work in similar fields anywhere. One knows but little of San Francisco who does not know its higher life, or who sees only its business "hustle," its open-handed spending, or its brilliant cafés.

Naturally, this higher life of the intellect and the imagination, like the society in which it is set, has been throughout somewhat a life of unconventionality and even of revolt. Doubtless beauty, in whatever form it is expressed, has its sure foundations and its immutable laws, but its forms have found acceptance, in the Pacific metropolis, rather because they were themselves beautiful than because they were sanctioned by time or tradition. The love of classical simplicity and nobleness which builds a Greek theatre at Berkeley is as sincere as is the passion for romance which develops the wonderful stage-setting of the Bohemian Club plays; but the Berkeley theatre is loved because it is an embodiment of beauty, not because it is Greek. And so with every other manifestation of beauty or of thought. The men and women who best typify the spirit of San Francisco have consciously sought, not simply orientation in world culture, but an adequate self-expression. Where historical forms have met the need, they have used historical forms; where such forms have failed to satisfy, they have freely worked out novel, or at least unusual, forms for themselves. For them, at least, the sea was not always purple; nor were the groves of olive, nor the rocks of marble, nor life itself an alternation of tragedy and comedy. To the keen light and prodigal wealth of color spread before them in the external world, life added the allurement and picturesqueness of romance; while

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to color and romance was further added the resource of a free life out-of-doors. That the pursuit of self-expression has often been highly self-conscious, that the lines of effort have not always been successfully concealed, and that the result has sometimes been bizarre, San Francisco itself would be the first to admit; for nowhere in America have artists so deliberately lived heatedly in order that they might speak vividly; but the ultimate aim, at least, has been always clear.

I have made these preliminary observations because, unless the local characteristics which they briefly summarize are kept in mind, both the aim and the achievement of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition are almost certain to be misjudged. Of international expositions we have had a sufficiency, if not a surfeit; and there was unquestionably a widespread doubt whether another great show, especially in time of war, would or could be worth while. While, however, each previous exposition has had its distinctive features, all have possessed suggestive points in common. The occasion, broadly crossed by the demands and ambitions of local or national display, has been some anniversary which, though appealing to patriotism or to the historical sense, has stirred national pride rather than the imagination. The architecture of the vast and numerous buildings, when not an attempt to reproduce, in unfamiliar surroundings, the principles or forms of some familiar type, has represented a conscious effort to produce a novel structure, more or less elaborately decorated, assumed to be typical of a great international bazaar; while the exhibits, widely chosen and elaborately displayed, have aimed, as a rule, to give a comprehensive view of the progress of civilization, particularly in industrial directions.

At all of these points the San Francisco Exposition, taken as a whole, is different from its predecessors. Those who planned and executed it have had two aims—one practical and historical, the other symbolical. On its historical and practical side the Exposition commemorates and celebrates the opening of the Panama Canal. No event in American history has appealed so powerfully to the imagination of the Pacific Coast as the construction of this great waterway. Beyond its significance as a great scientific achievement or a commercial aid, the Canal stands as a triumph of man over nature, a new linking of the East and the West, a new step towards national unity, a new act of national expansion. Like the watershed that divides the streams in their courses, it marks off the old time from the new. And out of this appeal to the imagination sprang the symbolism. Here was to be displayed, not examples of all that the world had ever done, but the choicest of what it had accomplished during the decade in which the Canal was building, and the opening of the new time could be foreseen. Here were to be symbolized, in one vast but unified group of buildings, avenues, and gardens, the past, present, and future of San Francisco, of California, and of the New World. In and about a Tower of Jewels, a Court of Abundance, a Court of the Four Seasons, a Court of the Universe, or an Avenue of Nations were to be grouped memorials of all that had made the Pacific littoral what it was, and all that, in the new era here commemorated, should make it what it might be. Here, at gateways or fountains, on walls, cornices, friezes, tympani, or pinnacles, was to be read the story of the West: the Indian, the buccaneer, the friar, the gold-seeker, the farmer, the mechanic; the discoverer, the soldier, and the pioneer; the canoe, the prairie-schooner, and the locomotive; the wealth of forests, fields, and mines beckoning the workers of the East and South, of Asia and the islands of the sea. What of history was portrayed was to be accurate, of course, but it was to be history spiritualized, the everyday and commonplace made ideal. With their feet planted on the past, the designers of the Exposition nevertheless looked towards the future. The western confines of the New World were their standpoint, but their outlook was towards a newer world beyond the setting sun.

It is significant that the architecture which sought to embody this symbolical conception should have found its inspiration so largely in the Orient and the Moorish age of Spain. To California, simplicity in art would appear to make as scanty an appeal as does Stoicism in conduct or Puritanism in religion. What was sought, apparently, next to spaciousness and even vastness—an indispensable condition, perhaps, of any exposition architecture—was color and gorgeousness, a sensuous beauty at once mystical and commanding. If buildings and their setting could ever be made to produce an impression of limitless and voluptuous wealth, or frame the matter-of-fact achievements of man in rich and scintillating color, the Panama-Pacific Exposition attained that end. It was not barbaric, for it was distinctly harmonious, symmetrical, and carefully wrought; yet it was not pagan, for it was neither severe nor impersonal; and it was not Christian, for it spoke no self-denial. Pleasure, ease, imagination, self-expression, and, most of all, unconventional freedom and unbounded ambition, were its keynotes.

Whether such an ideal is in itself worthy, or whether, if it is, its working-out in the present instance is on the whole successful, are questions on which volumes might be written. Critics for whom the art of the classical world or of Christian Europe is the last word, or with whom historical evolution must needs proceed by slow and guarded steps, could not but be startled by the bold mixing of architectural types, the frank departure from hallowed precepts, and the prodigal overlay of decorative device. The symbolism of some of the frescoes, figures, and figure-groups seems at times far-fetched, and the brilliant Tower of Jewels is obviously too low. Studied attentively by aid of the printed descriptions, both the structures and their details may clearly be seen to embody the ideals which they are said to embody; but it is also clear that they might as easily, in some instances, typify something else, or even nothing very definite at all. Something, too, would depend upon the physical point of view, for the high ridge of houses which forms the background of the Exposition on the south is not beautiful, and upon that part of the surroundings one does well to turn one's back.

In some other respects the success attained is certainly noteworthy. At no previous American exposition has the entire group of buildings given so marked an impression of artistic unity. Not only were the exhibition buildings proper built, as has been said, with a central aim, but the national, State, and administrative structures were kept strictly in harmony with the general scheme. Whether in style, color, or position, no building has been allowed to obtrude. Everywhere, too, both within and without, there was a commendable absence of garish signs or advertisements. The unified color scheme, studiously worked out to accord with the characteristic lights, shadows, and atmospheric effects of the locality, was harmonious and impressive; while the electrical illumination at night turned grounds and buildings into a wonderland of beauty and gorgeousness. Nor should the remarkable floral scheme, with its succession of flowers from season to season, and its skilful use of masses of green to break the great wall spaces, fail of appreciative recognition.

In estimating the range and significance of the exhibits, one again must keep in mind the theory on which their acceptance was determined. With a few exceptions, and those mainly in the foreign art exhibits, nothing, as has been said, was intended to be shown which had not been discovered or invented, or the process or application of which had not been substantially developed, within the last decade. Like the architectural and artistic scheme of buildings and grounds, the things shown were to be the latest words, the newest thought, the edge of day for the new world. Those, accordingly, who looked for comprehensive displays of progress in industry, science, or art from early times were disappointed; the test of acceptance was to-day, what is being done now. The barest attempt at enumeration, however, even under these limitations, would be only a catalogue of ships. Speaking broadly, the predominant characteristic of the American exhibits was utility. The widely ramified uses of electricity, particularly for travel and communication and in domestic processes; the elaborate but economical processes of manufacture and mining; the endless variety of tools and instruments of precision; the control and transmission of steam and electrical power; the array of devices for facilitating business or insuring personal safety, were among the things which bulked largest in the exhibition halls. Not everything was insistently utilitarian, however. One of the striking impressions made by the industrial exhibits was the extent to which

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objects of utility, notably textiles and articles of domestic use, were receiving artistic forms even where the cost was small. Some of the exhibits of pottery and gold and silver work were very rich, and there was a small but choice display of book-bindings and an alluring book-shop.

The Federal Government, though contributing largely to the collections, had no building of its own, but scattered its numerous departmental exhibits throughout the Exposition halls and grounds. Never has the scientific and educational work of the Government, and its widespread activities in agriculture, irrigation, public health and safety, and the protection and encouragement of industry and commerce, been so amply and instructively displayed. Here, as elsewhere, extensive use was made of pictures, charts, and models, the finest example of the last being a model of the Isthmus of Panama and the Canal. The anthropological exhibit was beyond praise. The educational exhibits proper, generously representative of State and city school systems, were an informing illustration of the diversified range and practical spirit of the modern school curriculum. Several religious sects prepared exhibits showing their material activities in missionary and educational lines, from tracts and pictures to railway chapel coaches; the enormous growth of organized philanthropy and schemes of social betterment was set forth in pictures, diagrams, and models; while for those whose spiritual longings, attuned to the dominant note of the whole Exposition, demanded ampler fields, there were literary offerings in Christian Science, theosophy, and "new thought" of several strains.

The war, as was to be expected, narrowed the range of foreign exhibits; nevertheless twenty-two foreign Governments were represented by buildings, Great Britain and Germany being the two most prominent exceptions, while thirty-one Governments altogether were represented either by buildings or by exhibits in the great departmental halls, or by both. As a whole, the foreign displays made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. Selection here, like comparison, can hardly be made without injustice, yet the most casual visitor could not fail to be struck by the exquisite beauty of the collection of fabrics, metal work, tapestries, and paintings sent by the Government of France, and housed in a building which reproduced the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur; the brilliant richness and variety of the Chinese and Japanese exhibits (the former, indeed, rather outshining the latter), both grouped in one of the main buildings; the solid industrial and commercial quality of the Netherlandish and Swedish offerings; or the economic and educational development shown in Argentina and Brazil. Germany, participating unofficially, caught the spirit of the Exposition with characteristic exactitude and thoroughness, sending a small but choice exhibit of its latest products in chemicals, dyestuffs, and photographic devices, and a specimen of mesothorium, one of the newest derivatives of radium, valued at $300,000. As a skilful advertisement of a country's resources, however, the admirably housed Canadian exhibit must receive the first place, as the crowds which thronged it eloquently testified. The State and Territorial buildings, twenty-eight in number, with Massachusetts holding the place of honor at the head of the Avenue of Nations, were for the most part used only as social centres; but California in addition assembled a display of fruits and flowers which was a veritable orgy of richness and color.

In the great wealth of musical offerings which the managers of the Exposition provided, the most significant was the visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. San Francisco has never lacked good musicians, nor orchestral and ensemble organizations; and it has also done something to develop the resources of the orchestra for performances out of doors. But its instrumental performers, however great their ability, must seek a living mainly in the cafés, where music of a popular or highly modern sort naturally holds the chief place. In the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the music-lovers of California had, for the first time on their own soil, an opportunity to hear the works of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, and Haydn played as they should be played, and by artists whose interpretations could not but be accepted as authoritative. The generous recognition of what was, to most who heard it, a revelation of the beauties of classical music and of the possibilities of chaste and dignified rendering, augurs much for the future of musical art on the Pacific Coast.

Very many of the travellers who journeyed to San Francisco went on also to the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego; and the briefest survey of this year of Western splendor would be incomplete if it failed to pay honor to the beauty and enterprise which the latter exposition displayed. Like the Grand Cañon of Arizona and the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, something of the comparative impression depended upon which was seen first. Yet it may well be doubted if any one who, whether in memory or in mere chronological sequence, exchanged the fogs and winds of San Francisco for the warmth and brightness of San Diego, will fail to recall the latter with peculiar satisfaction and delight. Where the northern Exposition was vast and overpowering, the southern was compassed and friendly. Where the artists of the one sought and attained an eager, passionate brilliancy, those of the other strove, with equal success, for restfulness, devotion, and quiet charm. The one voiced exuberance and revolt; the other, while no less joyous, was delicate and self-contained. Nowhere has the Spanish mission architecture been employed so successfully on so large a scale; while the landscape gardening, thanks in part to the superior artistic possibilities of the site—a high mesa overlooking the "Harbor of the Sun"—was distinctly richer and more fascinating than that at San Francisco.

One's residual impression of a great exposition is likely to be compounded of two somewhat diverse elements: the probable effect of the display upon those who participated in it, and its significance as a kind of cross-section of national or international culture. Both directly and incidentally, I think, the effect in this instance may very possibly turn out to be considerable. For one thing, the transcontinental journey, to far the larger proportion of the thousands who made it, was little less than a new discovery of America. The traveller to whom the only beauty worth seeing had thus far been the Alps, or Norway, or Greece, touched elbows with those to whom New England, or Ohio, or Kentucky had been almost the only known world; and to all alike the plains, the deserts, and the mountains revealed their wonders. Thousands made the journey, in whole or in large part, by automobile, and learned to their surprise that there were good roads, good hotels, cultivated people, and imposing scenery beyond the Mississippi. The novel types of architecture, the richness of a semi-tropical vegetation, the possibilities of life in the open air, and the picturesque reminders of a Spanish civilization indefinitely old, were full of suggestiveness for a more prosaic and formal East, as were the free, gracious, and hearty social ways of a cosmopolitan community. The distinctly educational character of most of the exhibits, with their emphasis upon that which was newest or most highly perfected, made in itself a strong appeal. It was worth while to have given, to some hundreds of thousands of the American people, an enlarged vision of their own country and of the world's life and interests; for without vision the people perish.

The cultural significance is less easy to appraise with certitude. With notable exceptions like those of France and China, the exhibits at San Francisco gave an overwhelming impression of practicality: a practicality which was, indeed, enhancing in every direction the physical comfort of life, and developing on every hand the resources of nature for the betterment of man; but an overpowering practicality, nevertheless. Yet it was a practicality set in marvellous external beauty, and opening everywhere to the sun and the air. Whether the imagination which seized upon the occasion as marking the dividing line between an old America and a new, and strove to symbolize the concept by a daring union of Oriental and Occidental ideas, will turn out to have been well grounded in the facts and tendencies of our national life, only time can show. Certain it is, however, that the San Francisco Exposition, in the whole scheme of its planning as well as in the details of its execution, has been a challenge to old forms, old methods, old standards, and old faiths. In Burke's phrase, it is the dissidence of dissent. One would fain hope that it may prove, to those who conceived it, as fruitful an inspiration to more permanent achievement as it is certain to remain, for those who saw it, a gracious memory.

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Notes from Two Capitals

BRITISH CABINET CANARDS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

LONDON, October 6.

From time to time, *à propos de bottes*, there is a rush of rumor of dissentients in the Cabinet, pointing to its early break-up. It is an old habit, more active when a Liberal Ministry is in power than when the Conservative Leaders dwell in Downing Street. It was in exceptional force during the short-lived, troubled Ministry of Lord Rosebery. From the outset rumor most consistently buzzed round the head of Sir William Harcourt. Talking to a friend at a time when reports of his resignation were prodigally circumstantial, he likened his position to that of Louis XVI, practically a prisoner in the Tuileries after his attempted escape from Paris. Suspicious crowds of citizens and citoyennes formed the patriotic and pleasing custom of spending the night in watch and ward round the palace, from time to time insisting that the hapless King should show himself in testimony that he was actually on the premises. He accordingly turned up at the open window wearing the red cap of Liberty, with royally assumed geniality remarking, "Me voilà mes enfants." "At all hours of day and night," said Sir William, "I am called up by a News Agency man or an importunate reporter with inquiry whether it is true that I have resigned. All I can say is 'me voilà.'"

Two years ago there was a sudden—evidently an organized—outburst of rumor of revolt in Mr. Asquith's Cabinet. It was reported that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, following the classical precedent of the lion and the unicorn, were fighting for the crown. It was assumed, as a matter of fact, that "Asquith was going," all that remained in doubt being issue of the struggle between his energetic young friends for reversion of the Premiership. The story had its day, ran its course, faded into the nothingness from which it emerged, and is probably forgotten by its inventors. Within the last fortnight another plot against the Premier has been discovered. Again Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill are at the bottom of it. This repetition is proof of the lack of fertility in the minds of the class of politicians who circulate these fables. There must, however, be some variety in other particulars. This is accordingly provided by the assertion that Mr. Asquith is to be "shouldered out" (the phrase used by one authority) "on the question of conscription." An active section of his colleagues in the Cabinet, led by the two who apparently are now working together, is determined to break up the Government, leaving out Mr. Asquith, an avowed believer in the efficacy of voluntary enlistment, in the process of reconstruction.

This is, of course, sheer nonsense. The Prime Minister is not the sort of man to be shouldered out of any position in which it suits his purpose and inclination to remain. If any body of conspirators, obscure or otherwise, are bent upon undertaking the job, they would do well to go into training by attempting to shoulder Dungeness off the mainland. Apart from his slowly gained, now complete supremacy in the House of Commons, his popularity in the country, and his authority in the Chancelleries of Europe, no Premier has been stronger in the personal affection of his colleagues. That enviable position has been further strengthened by accession of recruits from the Opposition benches in both houses. During the fiercest heat of battle round the question of tariff reform and home rule, Mr. Asquith's interposition in debate was suffered with a courtesy in marked contrast with the reception accorded to some of his colleagues. Once, it is true, he was refused a hearing by a small body of extreme advocates of Law and Order, who, upon occasion, did not even spare their own leaders. The outbreak was so promptly and sharply subdued that it was never repeated.

Between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith there has through all the chances and changes of party warfare existed esteem born of mutual admiration of supreme capacity. This feeling, long existent, has naturally grown in the intimate relations of service to the State. In degree, the same feeling towards the Prime Minister exists on the part of Lord Lansdowne and other of his colleagues in the late Government who patriotically responded to the invitation addressed thirty years ago by Lord Randolph Churchill to Lord Hartington and his followers in the disruption of the Liberal host on the Home Rule question to "Come over and help us." The suggestion—rather, the affirmation—made that dissension within the Cabinet has reached a stage at which a break-up is not only inevitable but near at hand, is a gross insult to the statesmen who have been publicly named not only as contemplating but as scheming for such an event.

It is quite possible, indeed presumable, that there may be difference of opinion in the Cabinet on the question of national service for the army and voluntary enlistment. Such diversity will be found among any average score of men. To assume that therefore a Cabinet recently constructed with the avowed purpose of presenting to the enemy a closer, stronger front of national union is on the verge of disintegration is more than an unintelligent blunder. It is an unpatriotic crime, calculated to spread throughout Germany more joy than would follow on the sinking of a sister ship to the Lusitania.

It is probable that had Mr. Asquith chanced to see a circumstantial rumor of which the Speaker, when his attention was called to it, declared his ignorance, he would regard it with some measure of wistfulness. That Ministers tenaciously cling to office and its emoluments is a conviction cherished in some quarters. It certainly finds no confirmation in fact. Lord Rosebery, in one of the epigrams that sparkle in his speech, put the true situation in a sentence. "There are," he said, "two happy days in the life of a Prime Minister. One is when he receives the seals of office at the hands of his Sovereign; the other, welcomed with greater effusion, is when he sets forth to return them." Mr. Asquith has, with one exception, exceeded the length of the term of Premiership served by predecessors. Nor has he throughout enjoyed the comparative ease of normal times. At the commencement of his seventh year of servitude he found himself faced by the duties and responsibilities of a war beside which Armageddon was a skirmish. It is natural that he should sometimes yearn for the release that, after long conflict, came to the Happy Warrior, "his helmet now a hive for bees." But, like Pitt, till his work is done he will not seek it.

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.

It is a long stride, perhaps, back to the first term of Grover Cleveland, but it must be taken by whoever would scan the career of Robert Marion La Follette as a national character; for it was then that strangers in the gallery of the House of Representatives, after picking out Carlisle and Morrison, "Pig-Iron" Kelley, and "Sunset" Cox, would inquire: "Who is the little man with the smooth, round face and the shoe-brush hair?" When told that he was "Bob" La Follette, a new man from Wisconsin, whose wife was his law-partner, they were satisfied with a mere second glance at him. Another item was added to his descriptive list in the Fifty-first Congress, for McKinley made large use of him in framing the tariff bill, which carried their party down at the next election; and for ten years thereafter he did not emerge from the wreckage but once, when his neighbors sent him as a delegate to a Republican National Convention. But he had not been idle, by any means, in the intervals of a fair professional practice; for in 1900 he was elected Governor, and thus received a chance to launch the popular government propaganda which in due course landed him in the United States Senate.

To call the roll of La Follette's traits as his contemporaries see them would be to exhaust the "f's" in any ordinary type-font. He is a free-lance, a firebrand, a fighter, a faddist, a fanatic, a fatuous fault-finder, according to the critic you press for an opinion; some go further and—but why carry the catalogue to its end? Suffice it to say, that wherever he is, you may count on finding something drastic on the day's programme. He put Wisconsin on the State Socialist map alongside of California. According to his theory, there is no good reason why the State should not dip its finger into every activity in which its people feel an interest, from free education to accident insurance; and his favorite tactics in controversy are to proclaim his thesis and discover a sinister cause for every bit of opposition it encounters. If the railways charge higher rates than he approves, they have been able to do it by buying lawmakers and newspapers wholesale. If abuses exist in the American merchant marine, knock it on the head with an act of Congress so radical that half the steamship companies would rather go out of business forthwith than attempt to comply with the requirements imposed. The logic of this remedy is simplicity itself: the fewer shipping companies, the fewer are the abuses complained of. If any one has the temerity to suggest that this is like burning down the barn to get rid of the rats, silence his treason on the spot by asking him how much the corporations paid him for airing such an opinion!

Jesting aside, La Follette is a strong man and a useful one—in his place. He belongs in the pioneer class, but resents not being counted among the successful constructives, forgetting that, though Lincoln is the supreme hero of our later history, it was the long-despised agitators who hewed through a hardened public conscience the trail which he developed into a highway of freedom for all mankind. Without the agitators we might never have had a Lincoln; and it is for men like La Follette to prepare the ground on which less fiery though not less patriotic followers can put the social order of the future upon a firm foundation. But, because he cannot wait for the clock of opportunity to sound

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the hour, many of his best projects have been brought forward prematurely and cut short at an immature stage.

It is no discredit to him to say that the ambition of his life is to be President, or to prophesy with entire confidence that he will never attain it. Though we may pass over his ultra views and his tactless way of bludgeoning his adversaries, we cannot ignore the fact that no man of his personality has ever risen to the first place in the republic. We have had Presidents short and tall, fat and lean, straight and stooping, hairy and bald, elegant and clumsy, handsome and ugly, gay and serene, scholarly and scant of learning, sociable and undemonstrative. But we have never had one who meets all approaches with an air of suspicion, or whose mind is so chained to his hobbies that he takes them to bed with him and gives them the chief seats at his table. La Follette, with all his redoubtable pioneer qualities, is the kind of companion who soon wears you out. You cannot escape from his regenerative schemes or his vocabulary of anathema without raising an impassable barrier between yourself and him; but the man whom the American people are willing to trust with the Presidency must be one who, however sincere a reformer, is able to detach himself from his ideals now and then long enough to bring a fresh eye to bear upon them in perspective. Even so intense and unjudicial a person as Theodore Roosevelt has this faculty, thanks to his native sense of humor.

Like others of his temperament, La Follette has no conception of how to care for his physical well-being. He runs his nervous system to the last limit of endurance, and then suffers a reaction, during which he is not himself in any sense, is hardly able to eat or sleep, and can do only a fraction of his normal stint of work, and that pretty badly. It is of one of these periods—which are accountable for much of the antagonism he has aroused in the Senate—that the story is told of his being moved actually to tears when a new member came up to him with hand outstretched and a friendly word of appreciation of his latest speech. Imagine so emotional a collapse in the White House!

TATTLER.

Correspondence.

THE "NATION'S" WAR RELIEF FUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I presume that many persons who, while not in a position to follow the lead of "O.," the writer of "A Word to the Moderately Rich," were deeply impressed by his letter, would be glad to make such response as they can to his suggestion. Of the ten subscriptions he called for, of $2,000 each, for the relief of the terrible distress in Europe, it appears that three have now been received by the *Nation* and one by the New York *Evening Post*, which reprinted "O.'s" letter. I trust that more will shortly come in and the list be completed. But that result may perhaps be made more certain if persons acting in the same spirit but not able to subscribe so large an amount are permitted to join in the undertaking. May I ask you to accept my subscription of $200, to serve as the first of ten which shall jointly count as a subscription of $2,000? And of course the more tens of the same kind the better. F. F.

New York, October 17.

ANOTHER GERMAN "FIND."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* of October 14 (p. 448) it is stated that

> It may be a great find that a semi-official organ of the German Government has made when it charges that the French Yellow Book suppressed the last two sentences of a passage sent by the British Ambassador at Petrograd to Sir Edward Grey, on July 24, 1914; but why the find should be exploited in that quarter is a little difficult to see. The Ambassador stated that it seemed to him "as if France and Russia had decided on firm resistance, even if we refuse to join them."

There cannot be much of a "find" on the part of the German Government in this respect because in a pamphlet issued under the authority of "his Majesty's stationery office" in London in 1914, on page 14, there is the telegram mentioned above from the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg to Sir Edward Grey, the last paragraph of which reads:

> It seems to me, from the language used by French Ambassador, that, even if we decline to join them, France and Russia are determined to make a strong stand.

The language is somewhat different from that quoted in your editorial article, but in substance it is the same. It can scarcely be contended that there was any concealment in this Ambassadorial statement, since it appears, as I say, in a pamphlet issued by the English Government in 1914, and sold for the sum of ten cents.

SAMUEL A. BOYLE.

Philadelphia, October 15.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S "COCKED HAT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Mr. Wilson had read the Biglow Papers, he would probably not have written the letter in which he expressed the hope that Mr. Bryan might be knocked into a cocked hat. This is what Hosea Biglow has to say on the subject (p. 109—edition of 1892): "Formaly to knock a man into a cocked hat was to use him up, but now it ony gives him a chance for the cheef madgustracy." A. L. PINCOFFS.

New York, October 15.

ALOHA, THEN BANZAI!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Wednesday, September 29, may be said to have marked the closing of an era in the transportation history of Honolulu. On that date the last steamer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company scheduled to call here, the S. S. Manchuria, sailed for San Francisco. With her departure transpacific shipping under the American flag via Hawaii terminated. The Mongolia, of the Pacific Mail Line, now in the Orient, will return to San Francisco direct from Yokohama by the Great Circle route.

The passing of the last ship of a great company was by no means unattended in Honolulu. A crowd of at least 1,000—described in the afternoon newspaper as an "immense throng"—gathered at the Alakea pier to bid a last good-by to ship, crew, and passengers. Flags of many nations waved from the dock, and Hawaiian leis of carnations, yellow ginger, and vari-colored crêpe papers were profusely scattered among officers and passengers. On the bridge with Capt. Andrew Dixon was a large wreath, on which was the inscription, "Aloha, 1915, After Sixty Years," the gift of the local Chamber of Commerce and promotion committee.

Mother Nature, as though to insure a favorable last impression for the "Paradise of the Pacific," provided a blue sky overhead, but in the air was that fine mist, blowing from clouds above mountain-tops afar, which here is called "liquid sunshine."

The Hawaiian Band, of native musicians—once the Royal Hawaiian Band—which has played at countless steamer sailings, was on the wharf. On the Manchuria were 124 German refugees, mostly women and children, and from respect to them "Die Wacht am Rhein" was played. The hackneyed strains of "Tipperary" and "On the Beach at Waikiki" were then employed to evoke a few more tears from other nationalities represented. As the last farewells were voiced and the handkerchief-waving began, the brown musicians played, with an intense fervency, the famous "Aloha Oe" (Farewell to Thee), which was followed by "Hawaii Ponoi," the unforgettable Hawaiian national anthem, and, finally, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Of the sobs that were "choked," of the sighs that were "stifled," of the lips that "quivered," as the big boat backed into the bay, little need be said. It is enough that the manifestations of deep regret were everywhere visible. A wrinkled old lei vender stared at a few wooden boxes and pieces of rubbish floating by the pier and muttered "Pau" (through). Many voiced their sentiments in such words as "Shame," "Crime," and "Awful mistake."

It is certain, too, that in some of those present the last deep siren of the Manchuria's whistle provoked thoughts, not of the glorious past of the American merchant marine on the Pacific; nor of the painful present, when the Stars and Stripes is sailing away to other seas; but of an ominous future when traffic to the Orient may be monopolized by lines called "Kaishas" and steamships called "Marus."

And, while the attention still lingers on the irony of circumstances which make it necessary for the little brown men of Nippon to transport our persons, our freights, and our mails, dispatches from the Orient arrive that portend the strengthening of Japanese control in the Pacific.

The *Osaka Shoshen Kaisha* announced, on September 30, that two new liners will be placed on the run between San Francisco and the Orient via Honolulu. These, the Panama Maru and the Seattle Maru, have a tonnage of 6,000 each. They were designed for the Puget Sound-Japan run. Freight rates will be $1 per ton higher than the rate which at present obtains.

On the same day the directors of the Mitsu Company gave out the information that they will operate tramp steamers from Yokohama and Kobe to Honolulu and San Francisco, carrying freight at an increase of $1.50 per ton.

At the same time the established line on the semi-tropical route—the Toyo Kisen Kaisha—is declared to have increased its fleet by the purchase of three liners, in addition to the Persia, which was recently secured from the Pacific Mail Company, making a fleet of eight. An increased freight rate is, of course, in order. A new T. K. K. dock will be built in San Francisco at once.

Apparently, the existent freight and passenger congestion on the Pacific is to be alleviated. Reports have been circulated concerning a Chinese line and a new American line. As yet no definite announcement has been made. Seemingly "banzais" are in order.

HARRY W. FRANTZ.

Honolulu, T. H., October 1.

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EXTERMINATED ARMENIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At this time of awful crisis in the history of unhappy Armenia, we, the Committee of the Women's Armenian Relief Fund, feel impelled to appeal to all Christendom for sympathy with Armenia's matchless wrongs and for offers of help to her people. It is time surely that all civilized nations, especially all neutral nations, should protest in the name of humanity against the latest and most infamous crimes yet committed by Turkey upon her defenceless Armenian subjects.

The thick curtain of oblivion and silence which has enshrouded Armenia since Turkey declared war upon the Allies has been at last partially lifted and we have caught certain glimpses of unrecordable horrors; of systematically planned massacres of all Armenians in the Six Vilayets, involving the total extermination of the nation; of their deportation to desert regions where they must inevitably perish by starvation, and of the appropriation of their lands by Moslems.

All friends of the Armenian people must to-day be full of indignation, full of sorrow. We, old friends of the cause, must especially sorrow for the present ruthless shattering of all our plans and hopes and work. But we can do more than sorrow, we can and we do most solemnly protest, and we can and do hold Turkey and Germany responsible for this last and greatest crime upon humanity. To-day we send to every part of the world where Armenians have sought asylum our true, deep, fraternal sympathy, together with our vow that, so far as in us lies, individually or collectively, we will see to it that freedom, justice, and full political rights be insured to the Armenian nation in the final settlement which must follow the great European war.

Madeleine Cole,
Hon. Treasurer, the Women's Armenian Relief Fund.

Danehurst, Putney, England, September 30.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The tone of the so-called replies to my letter in the *Nation* of September 16 makes a rejoinder expedient. Mr. Bancroft cheerfully claims me as a catspaw and an unquestioning disciple. This I as cheerfully repudiate. Mr. Hart, in turn, accepts Mr. Bancroft's claim of me, and on his own score ascribes to me an expression as to ring and boss rule which I have never uttered or endorsed. He then lines me up in the detective squad to which he pays vigorous compliments.

My career as a detective has been brief, modest, and unconscious. Its one episode was an inquiry to the secretary of the Association asking for any documents which might show the official relation between the Association and the *American Historical Review*. I had no thought then, and do not now believe, that any of the officials desired to keep such data secret. The burden of the secretary's original and preliminary reply was as stated in my former letter to the *Nation*. Since then he has found and sent me three items which give some light, though not as much as could be wished. The first of these is a circular issued on October 1, 1898, by a committee of the Council notifying the members of the Association that at the approaching December meeting proposals would be considered for an official connection between the Association and the *Review*. The second is a note from the minutes of the Board of Editors, which, in lieu of the missing minutes of the Association, may be taken as recording the action of the December meeting. The third is an account of the transactions of that meeting, written by Mr. Hart, and published in *Book Reviews* for February, 1899. In the committee's circular the following are the passages pertinent to our discussion:

As standing for the historical scholarship of the country, the *Review* must have behind it some recognized organization which should have authority to determine its character and to which the editors should be responsible. After a most careful consideration it seemed to the editors, and to all whom they consulted, that the future success of the *Review* depended upon its adoption by the American Historical Association. As the general organization of those especially interested in history, both in the United States and Canada, the Association, by adopting the *Review*, would give it a standing and authorization not otherwise to be obtained. At the same time the relation of the *Review* to the Association as its official organ would at once remove the difficulty of a sufficient constituency and place the enterprise upon a permanent and secure foundation. On the other hand, it seemed a proper and suitable function for the Association to act as a sponsor for such a publication and to guarantee its success. In view of these considerations the Board of Editors presented to the Council of the Association a proposition for the adoption of the *Review*. After a full discussion at the meeting in Cleveland last December, it seemed to the Council that so important a question should be submitted to a general vote of the Association.

The note from the minutes of the Board of Editors recites that at the Association's meeting in December, 1898, the following arrangement, prepared by the Board, was adopted:

(1.) The Association to pay to the publishers $2 for each number. (2.) In return therefor a copy of the *Review* to be sent to each member. (3.) The Council to have the right to fill vacancies in the Board of Editors. (4.) This arrangement to be terminable at any time on one year's notice from the Association or from the publishers or from the Board of Editors.

Mr. Hart wrote in his contemporary account: "Perhaps the most important work of the meeting was the ratifying of an agreement drafted by the Council on one side, and upon the other by the editors of the *American Historical Review*." He then specified the terms of the agreement substantially as given in the preceding paragraph, and concluded with an interpretation of the agreement, as follows: "The result is that the *Review* will be continued on the same lines as before and in much the same hands. It does not become the organ of the Association, and is subject to no instructions, except through the process of replacing editors who may fail to satisfy the Council of the Association, as their terms expire."

Thus the Association's committee in charge of the business declared to the members before the event that the agreement formulated was to make the *Review* the Association's organ; while Mr. Hart, who was then one of the editors, asserted after the event that the same agreement when adopted left the *Review* in no sense the Association's organ. It may be, in spite of the contrary suggestions of the documents, that the terms of the agreement underwent a change between October and December. It may be, on the other hand, that the conflict of interpretations now active is but a revival of one which then prevailed.

Of all this the younger generation has grown up in ignorance. We have accepted the tradition of the ownership of the *Review* by the Association as a matter of course, and have been perhaps improperly startled at the contrary claim. But even if the question of ownership by the editors be conceded, for the occasion, the present problem of readjustment is changed only in its details. In such case, the editors are fully entitled to expend the funds of the *Review* at their discretion; and but two points remain to be noted. The first is that the editors would have done well to end the controversy at its inception last year by citing the documents and proving their ownership, if they could. The second is that if the editors are the owners and are accordingly in commercial relations with the Association, they ought not to be members of the Association's Executive Council. Interlocking directorates are nowadays deservedly unpopular. I for one shall be quite content if the *Review* be made indisputably the property of the Association, in which case the question of personnel may perhaps be somewhat easily settled, or if the *Review* be officially declared the property of the editors and the personnel of the Board be separated from that of the Association's Executive Council.

My original purpose in entering this discussion was to promote expedient changes in the spirit of the utmost good will. There is nothing but expediency, and perhaps a little propriety, involved; and there is no occasion whatever for epithets. If the discussion continues on the level of a dispute it will of itself defeat the end of expediency and will do positive harm to the Association whose improvement must be the common aim of us all. Let us forget one another's past indiscretions and pull together.

Ulrich B. Phillips.

Ann Arbor, October 12.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Among the charges made by the gentlemen who regard themselves as reformers in the affairs of the American Historical Association is one which asserts with considerable directness that the councillors of that Association and the editors of the *American Historical Review* have misappropriated both power and funds belonging of right to the American Historical Association. This being the case, one would suppose that these gentlemen would be specially scrupulous in the use of their own power and position, lest they appear to fall into the same sin that they castigate. Yet in a recent circular directed to certain "reformers" Dr. Dunbar Rowland, who is this year President of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, signs himself in his official position, thus tending to create an impression that the Mississippi Valley Historical Association has a right or interest in the affairs of the sister institution.

It is of course proper for Dr. Dunbar Rowland to express himself in any manner allowed among gentlemen; but for him to address the public or his allies in his official position in this matter appears to constitute a lack of taste grievous in a reformer.

Frederic L. Paxson.

Madison, Wis., October 10.

RUGGERO FAURO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To the list of the young men of letters who have fallen in the great European war, and who have been commemorated in your columns, I beg to add another name, that of Ruggero Fauro.

He was the author of a book on Triest which I reviewed with a number of others in

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the *Nation* of April 29. When, in the preparation of this review, I called on him to discuss certain questions regarding Italia Irredenta, expecting to find in the author of such a book a man of mature years, I was astonished when I was received by a youth of barely twenty-three. In this, and the one other interview I had with him, I received a lasting impression of a mind of exceptional fineness and culture; of a character of which the enthusiasm was not a mere sentiment, but also the outgrowth of profound conviction; of the modesty and refinement of manners that best adorn such qualities; and of a strangely winning charm that now makes me mourn him as a friend.

He was born in Triest the 16th of February, 1892. After a preparation in the Liceo Dante of his native city he entered the University of Gratz, whence after a year, answering the call of the ancient Latin mother, he went to Rome in the spring of 1911, and at the University of Rome received his degree in letters, presenting a brilliant thesis on the poet Martial which will soon be published by his friends. The year of his going to Rome saw also the birth of the Nationalist party, to which he at once attached himself, and to whose journal, the *Idea Nazionale*, he was a constant contributor until the call to arms. In August, 1914, he was in Triest, but fled to Italy with an elder brother to avoid service, which to him would have been servitude, in an Austrian army.

When Italy declared war against Austria he at once enlisted as a volunteer common soldier, but with such uncommon qualities of mind and character, and having had a good military training as an Austrian recruit, he was soon promoted to a lieutenancy. At his own request he was transferred to the Alpine troops, went with them to the front, and in such worthy company, on the morning of September 14, fell in the foremost of a victorious charge.

O dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti,
Haec te prima dies bello dedit, haec eadem aufert,
Cum tamen ingentes Rutulorum linquis acervos.

HOMER EDMISTON.

Milan, October 3.

"HOLDING BACK WHEAT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. James B. Latimer, in his article, "Holding Back Wheat" (*Nation*, September 16), offers, as a pertinent cause of the unusual activity among the farmers in stacking and holding their wheat off the market, the war and resulting prospective high prices. I, too, during the past sixty days have not only travelled, but have also stopped in "the richest part of the Nebraska winter wheat belt," and I can say without fear of successful contradiction that the prime reason for holding back wheat among the farmers is the fact that the entire season has been so wet that the wheat is not in a condition fit for threshing, and those even who have succeeded in getting their wheat threshed have not been able to market it, because the elevators are consistently refusing to take it in the condition in which it comes from the threshing machine. Even the few loads of grain which to my knowledge were taken were received at the elevator at a discount of from ten to fifteen cents per bushel below quotations for No. 2 grain. Nearly all Nebraskan grain will grade about No. 4 in quality, by reason of the excessive rainfall during the summer season. HOWARD O. COALE.

Tulare, Cal., Septembber 23.

Literature

MATTER FOR STRIKING COMPARISONS.

The Industrial History of Modern England. By G. H. Perris. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2 net.

The author of this work belongs to the impressionist school. He gives us as much of himself as he does of his subject; but we like him none the less for that. Most of the great historians have had their preconceptions, and none of these are less likely to lead the world astray than those of Mr. Perris. He is a sentimentalist; in other words, a radical liberal. Yet he is widely read in his subject, discriminates nicely in presenting his facts, writes exceptionally good English, and aims to be perfectly fair. He contributes little that is new, but vitalizes much that is unknown to the general reader. His subject is one that is now commanding the attention of the whole world.

When George III came to the throne, England was far behind Western Europe in many of the elements of civilization. Country life was isolated and stagnant. The towns were ill-built, insanitary, and ill-governed. Transport and travel were hardly better than in the later Roman Empire. The industrial arts were little developed; coal, iron, and steel were known, but little used. Within two generations these conditions were transformed. The conjunction of three main factors was necessary to this radical transformation—surplus capital, surplus labor, a new market. We are too apt to ascribe the change to Kay and Arkwright, Watt and Stephenson. As a matter of fact, the inventors were the servants, not the masters, of the moving forces of the industrial revolution. Mr. Perris is undoubtedly right in saying that whenever the three major factors just mentioned come together, the lesser conditions, such as invention, better communications, and a favorable state policy, will appear. It is not impossible to imagine a conjunction of the three factors which would proceed amicably, regularly, with little pain, to the general advantage. But, declares our author, few if any of the great economic changes known to history answer to that description; and what began to happen at the end of the eighteenth century in England is as far as possible from deserving it. The tale of the last hundred years is the tale of expansion, not along a straight, smooth path, but by violent oscillations, involving larger and larger numbers of people, bringing pure gain to few, pure loss to many, a mingling of gain and loss, in which it is hard to strike a balance, to most.

Such is Mr. Perris's theme—clearly defined, essentially modern, romantic rather than classic. His development of it is skilful. From the great amount of illustrative material at his command he selects enough to enlighten but not enough to weary the reader. His omissions are occasionally significant, if you are master enough of the subject to note them, and captious enough to care for them.

At the beginning of the great war, in 1793, the army and navy counted together scarcely a hundred thousand men; before its close, England was maintaining nearly a million men under arms, probably a fifth of the entire adult population, and was carrying a burden of expenditure and debt for which previous history could afford no parallel. Our author speaks of Pitt as the man who had five times raised the taxes on spirits and tea, who had taxed glass till the windows were built up, who had taxed sugar and salt, timber, bricks, tiles, stone, and slate, hats and hair-powder, sea-insurance and convoys, horses and dogs, parcels by coach and canal, clocks and watches, newspapers and advertisements, houses and the servants in them, and who had failed only in his efforts to tax gloves and mittens, the registration of births and marriages, and the modest handmaiden of the middle class. "Never have the possibilities of tax-gathering been so luridly illustrated." The only merit of this finance, in Mr. Perris's judgment, was that it hit everybody; "and Pitt's progressive income tax covers a multitude of sins." In May, 1803, England declared war against France, and there was no more peace till Waterloo. In 1806 Napoleon issued the "Berlin decrees"; at the opening of 1807 Great Britain replied with the "Orders in Council"; the latter eventuated in war with the United States in 1812.

In such circumstances was modern British industrialism born. The times were, in essentials, so much like our own that we instinctively turn to them for light on the future. During those years mankind underwent a great change, perhaps the greatest in all history. It began to lose its immobility. Henceforth men would no longer be isolated units in productive activity, but would work in large aggregates and thus gain for labor a constantly increasing power of political and economic bargaining. A year ago, like a thief in the night, came to pass a political situation throughout the world even more momentous than that occasioned by the rise of the first Napoleon, the economic consequences of which are likely to surpass in importance anything witnessed in the last hundred years at least. How close in many particulars is the resemblance of these days to those—in the increase in the number of men in arms, in the growth of the national debt, in the rise in taxation! Mr. Perris completed the work before us just prior to the outbreak of the present war, but, quite unconscious of what he was doing, has given us material for striking a balance for ourselves between these times and those of the Napoleonic wars.

Naturally we turn with eagerness to the description of the years following the declaration of peace. A melancholy account it is. People were astounded that peace did not bring immediate prosperity with it. They

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would have been still more astounded, says Mr. Perris, if they could have looked forward over the next thirty years. It is difficult, he adds, even now to imagine the utter exhaustion and derangement produced by twenty years of warfare coinciding with radical economic reform. It must be remembered, however, in comparing those days with these, that much of the misery then rampant may be traced to circumstances which have had no counterpart in recent years—radical transformation in the methods of production, a favored agriculture, a vicious tariff, enclosure of the commons, suspension of specie payments in 1797 and resumption after the war, imperfect means of transportation and communication, decline in the world production of both gold and silver, to mention only a few things at random.

Though the present war has given a rare timeliness to Mr. Perris's account of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the most permanently valuable portion of his work is that comprised in the last two chapters, entitled The Awakening and The New Age. In the one he treats of the change in the popular mind from the notion of *laissez-faire* to that of state action for the protection of workers and the community at large; in the other, of the social legislation since 1906. These two chapters embrace innovations fully as great and far-reaching as any of the last century, and perhaps as great as any in the whole social and industrial experience of Great Britain. In the space at the reviewer's command it would be impossible to recapitulate them with any satisfaction to the reader. They come at the end of a feast already over-bountiful, like the best wine that is brought out last.

CURRENT FICTION.

Duke Jones. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

In "Promise" and "Le Gentleman" Miss Sidgwick took her place on even terms with the most promising of her contemporaries, Messrs. Walpole, Cannan, Mackenzie, and Onions. In her work, as in theirs, the influence of that slightly older school, headed by Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy, was patent. Youth was her theme, youth insurgent, or unfailingly dominant: prevailing in love and in art. And for all her election of poise and aplomb, of an intellect detached and a humor extra dry, sensibility was what gave color to her atmosphere. She is as quiveringly alive to suffering as Charlotte Brontë was—as eager in the quest of an ever-eluding happiness. Unluckily, she is slave to a mode already passing, a style allusive, finicking, beside which the nervous Brontëan structure appears fairly massive. After Meredith and James, we ought perhaps to stop asking that the men and women of fiction be permitted to speak as men and women might, and not as their authors do. Miss Sidgwick's dialogue is so relentlessly brilliant, her Ingestres and Shovells are so unanimously witty and subtle, that it is a relief indeed to fall back upon the faithful inarticulate Jones. We are not sure that he is any more real than Charles Shovell or Sir Claude Ashwin, but we have a strong feeling that he is more accurately reported. All these clever people are a good foil for him, at all events; and perhaps that was the main thing Miss Sidgwick was "after."

For Marmaduke Jones is a negation of the genius, or brilliant talent, or social perfection, with which Miss Sidgwick is commonly preoccupied. Reduced to bare terms, he is that ancient prop of romance, nature's nobleman—who, by virtue of his rarity, is at least as good as any other nobleman. All of these elect and clever people are to be beaten at their own vaunted game of gentleness and fineness and knightly service by Jones, the insufficiently born, the homely, the dull of speech. Just what there is about him to attract the interest of our young pair, the Shovells, in their honeymoon hour, is not made quite clear: unless it is his reverent if undisguised admiration of the young bride. At all events, he is there, at her elbow, and is there to fall a selfless, devoted victim to her bridal charm. For her sake he gives his life to hapless Lisette—Lisette, whose youthful glory has, in spite of Jones, been so meaninglessly thrown away. She has been casually "betrayed," and the blow, despite her superb health of body and hopeful shallowness of mind, has gone home. Miss Sidgwick's summing-up of the cause of her death, a year or two after she has reached apparent harbor as the wife of the good Jones, is characteristic in its delicate conclusiveness: "Howsoever it may be, Goldsmith, a man of genius and of heart, though sadly out of Honoria's period, came nearer to the final truth of Lisette than Honoria and her up-to-date authorities. She died for want of that little personal genius of hers, that had been so ruthlessly snatched away."

Some Women and Timothy. By H. B. Somerville. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Timothy is not a guttersnipe charming the ladies, or a yokel Lothario, as one might guess from the title. He is an English lord of quixotic temper, poor but not fortune-hunting, susceptible but not a rake. Being jilted, he has fled to Canada with his broken heart. After two years he returns heart-whole and unconsciously ready for further adventure. He finds his younger brother entangled with a young widow from whom he is trying to free himself, but who holds him to his promise of marriage by means of the usual machinery of letters. Timothy offers to decoy her away, and during the process falls in love with her on his own account. The events which follow are of whimsical and not too preposterous sort. The widow frees the brother, but refuses Timothy, and thereafter shows herself a lady of the most fastidious delicacy. Various other women complicate the situation, particularly the one who has jilted him (and whose married happiness he now secures), and a maiden aunt of extreme wealth and bad manners (who ponies up satisfactorily in the end). The latter plays the traditional part of the dowager by trying to buy off the widow. Not unimportant links in the bond which is gradually formed between Timothy and his lady are a boy and a dog and a white kitten, whose function it is to bring out the lovable aspects of the pair, to their mutual edification.

Marie Tarnowska. By A. Vivanti Chartres. With an Introductory Letter by L. M. Bossu Bossi, of the University of Genoa. New York: The Century Co.

Mrs. Chartres is poet, playwright, and novelist, in three languages. "Who's Who" records that she published in 1912 "Le Roman de Maria Tarnowska." Nowhere, either in the three-fold introduction to the present work or in the long circular of information given out by the publisher, is there any suggestion as to the relation of the two books. The present narrative purports to to be not a romance, but a confession. Mrs. Chartres visited the Countess Marie in the penitentiary at Trani, and learned her story from her own lips, and was thereupon "moved by the puissant impulse of art, which takes no heed of learned theory or ethical code, to narrate in these pages the profound impression made upon me by that tragic personality, by the story of that broken life." However, it appears that Professor Bossi suggested the possibility of the book, to begin with, his interest in the Countess Marie being based upon the conviction that her career was determined by "morbid physical condition" rather than by depravity.

This fact is not brought out, or even clearly indicated, in the present narrative. It is, in her handling, a bit of literature rather than that bare "human document" which she has perhaps intended to produce. From the beginning her touch is emotional and fanciful. She reads the Countess's prison note-book: "Alas . . . in what school of horror had she learned the lesson traced on these pages by her slim, white hand—the fair patrician hand which had known the weight of many jewels, the thrill of many caresses, and was now held fast in the merciless grip of captivity." This is the court-memoir tone, the tone of sentimental admiration for a charming sinner, rather than of commiseration for a sick wretch—and it is the tone which prevails throughout this rendering of Marie Tarnowska's erotic or sordid or criminal experiences.

At seventeen she ran away with a handsome and vicious Russian nobleman, who married but debauched her. She was not fitted for maternity, and after the birth of her second child her health broke. Ill-used by her husband, she came into entangled relations with several other men. She became the mistress of one of them, a poor man, engaged herself to a second, a rich man, and conspired with the first lover to egg on a third lover to kill the second, who was as good and generous as he was rich.

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Thus, in 1907, the death of Count Paul Kamarowsky was accomplished. Letters and telegrams were found: Kamarowsky had willed everything to the Countess Marie. She and her confederate were found guilty of inciting to murder and duly sentenced, the Countess to eight years' imprisonment. She has recently been pardoned to become a nurse in a Russian war hospital. Thus would seem to be disposed of the "appropriate medical treatment" by which Professor Bossi planned to restore her, on her release from prison, "to the complete sanity of moral well-being." In this book, certainly, she is not a pathological case, but a sensational subject for fiction.

AN UNREPENTANT CONSERVATIVE.

Subjects of the Day. By Earl Curzon of Kedleston. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25.

It has been the habit of English statesmen to turn from the cares of politics to the pursuit of a gentler art. From Sir Francis Bacon and that Thomas Smith to whom England was a commonwealth the line is long and it is honorable. Halifax and Montague have places there. When Sir William Temple could tear himself away from the building of diplomatic alliances and the fascinating dangers of cabinet-making he could write winningly of gardens. Bolingbroke and Burke are among the greatest of English publicists. Macaulay is still the most widely read of essayists. When Mr. Gladstone was not in the House of Commons he was defending the unity of Homer, or—and here he was no mean scholar—editing with loving care the works of Bishop Butler. Disraeli's novels are still the best picture of the society of their time. In our own day Mr. Birrell's delicately facile pen has added a new word to the English language. Lord Morley and Lord Bryce are probably the most distinguished of living English men of letters. Lord Haldane is among the most profound as Mr. Balfour is among the most whimsical of contemporary philosophers. Mr. Churchill has written one of the half-dozen best biographies in the language. Lord Rosebery is the modern arbiter of literary elegance. Here, truly, is a splendid tradition.

Lord Curzon has just published an interesting volume in which the same attitude of mind is manifest. There have been collected a number of his speeches on India, the Empire, domestic affairs, on contemporaries who were his friends, which show an astonishing variety of powers and breadth of interest. The book is welcome not so much for the intrinsic merit of its contents—Lord Curzon would be the first to admit that this must be largely ephemeral—as for the valuable indication it gives of an attitude to political affairs which is of especial importance if only because of its increasing rarity.

Lord Curzon is the leader of that section of English statesmen who may without injustice be called unrepentant Conservatives. They view novelty with distrust; change is the original sin. He is foremost in asserting, despite the lesson of 1861, that the Lords can touch money bills; he led that pathetic charge of the Die-Hards against the famous budget of 1909. It was "immoral," and "unsound"; taxation, he urges, cannot mitigate the consequences of poverty. The bill must mean plunder of and danger to property. In fact, Lord Curzon uses with skill and eloquence the same type of argument that was used against the Reform Bill of 1832, and the Corn Laws in 1846. He presents the complete gospel of the inherent rights of a traditional nobility.

Not less characteristic is his attitude to his Indian career. He was sent out to India to govern, and govern he did. There is no hint of a conception of India as a unity, as a country that may one day hope for the priceless boon of self-government—an ideal always implicit in Lord Morley's speeches. Lord Curzon is a believer in the child-nation theory and is firmly convinced of the virtues of political tutelage. It is an interesting sidelight on his essentially governmental mind that to him the great viceroys are Clive and Dalhousie—men who are perhaps more distasteful to the Indians than any other Governors-General. It is the quintessence of the bureaucratic ideal Lord Curzon here expresses, the ideal of a civil service well-equipped, unselfish, sincere, hard-working, doing everything that the people require. We are reminded of a dictum of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that self-government is better than good government.

Much the best part of the volume is that devoted to personal tributes. What Lord Curzon has here to say is always well and gracefully said. He has not, indeed, anything of the verve and breadth which make the kindred essays of Lord Bryce so incomparable; but undoubtedly he adds to our knowledge of men like George Wyndham and Alfred Lyttleton, who were among the most lovable figures of our time. And nothing said of Lord Roberts by others so admirably depicts the qualities of that great soldier. His tribute to Sir William Anson is incomplete, inasmuch as it misses not the least important aspect of that Oxonian, Sir Roger de Coverley—his immense generosity to his juniors. There are not a few of the younger scholars of our generation who have benefited by his kindly wisdom.

No one can fail to be struck by the ease with which Lord Curzon can speak on a variety of topics. His oratory extends from the connection between poverty in literature to national pessimism and the black-smoke nuisance (things in England at least not entirely unrelated). He is perhaps at his best when he writes of the Eton and Balliol of which he is so typical a product. He was at Oxford in the days when the great Jowett was training half the rulers of England; and something of the master's impress (perhaps also a little of his benevolent ponderousness) is written deep on his pupil.

Lord Curzon is one of the most important representatives of those proconsuls whom it has been the peculiar genius of Great Britain and Rome to produce. Nothing is so valuable in the understanding of their imperial development as an insight into the thought of those who have guided that growth. If Lord Curzon seems to have in mind an England it is difficult now to envisage, if he takes his stand a little bitterly and defiantly on the ancient ways, fourteen years in India are an adequate explanation. Even if his ideals pass away and the Empire he cherishes so deeply is transformed, the sincerity of this volume gives us the assurance that Lord Curzon will spare no effort to postpone the onset of that evil day.

It remains to be said that the volume has an interesting preface by Lord Cromer.

THE WRITING OF STATE HISTORIES.

A History of Indiana from Its Exploration to 1850. By Logan Esarey. Indianapolis: W. K. Stewart Co. $3.

It is one of the peculiarities resulting from the uneven and inadequate exploitation of the field of State history that the narratives of certain of the Western commonwealths have been more fully, interestingly, and accurately told than any of those of the East. There is no single study of an Eastern State so good, for example, as McElroy's "Kentucky in the Making of the Nation"; the history of none has been so picturesquely detailed as that of California written by H. H. Bancroft and Josiah Royce. Eastern historians have been concerned rather with the relations of State to national and European history, and have avoided the more limited field; while the detached West has naturally produced more writers interested in the development of indigenous institutions. Even the encylical histories of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Jersey, produced by boards thought to be versed in their subject, must appear strikingly deficient in historical method when compared with so painstaking a piece of work as that now in preparation upon Illinois. It is but just to say that Eastern State history is the more complex, and that certain special studies, as Charles Francis Adams's "Three Episodes in Massachusetts History" and McCrady's "South Carolina in the Revolution," have hardly been equalled.

Mr. Esarey's volume is one of the best examples of State history as it ought to be written. The task of the historian in Indiana is even more difficult than in most States, from the fact that there is no considerable collection of historical materials to draw upon. The documentary sources of many commonwealths have been published, but since a short-sighted Legislature half a century ago prevented John B. Dillon from organizing them and from giving Indiana a State library to be proud of, Indiana has been consistently remiss in its attention to such matters. The most important sources, the Indiana State Publications, have not

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been issued in anything approaching chronological order, and have not been indexed. The Indiana Legislative Records are like those of half the other States: the dates on the back inaccurate, the pagination confused, and the indexes imperfect. As for secondary authorities, J. B. Dunn's excellent volume in the American Commonwealth series is frankly sketchy on the political and military side, and as a social and economic history is preoccupied with the early struggle over slavery and the later fight against pro-slavery sentiment; John Dillon's scholarly work was—again through legislative narrowness—brought down only to 1816, and the work of Goodrich and others is negligible. But Mr. Esarey, whose previous studies on State Banking and Internal Improvements in Indiana have familiarized him with two difficult aspects of its history, has searched every possible source of information, made the closest study of newspapers and manuscripts, and painstakingly verified even statements hitherto unquestioningly accepted. His bibliography contains over three hundred items. The result is a record, brought down to the disappearance of the Whig party and the rise of the Republican, the definitiveness of which is unlikely to be questioned. It is to be hoped that we may some day realize such a history for every State in the Union, supplemented by detailed studies of important topics.

The first divisions of the book, dealing with the French and British occupations of Indiana Territory, are covered rapidly but adequately, as is the story of the Indian wars of the Revolution and the exploits of George Rogers Clark. It is with the period following 1783 that the reader becomes cognizant of several deficiencies. The writer fails to mention, much less discuss, the Spanish policy of fomenting Indian attacks in all the Western territory of the United States before 1795—felt in Indiana only less than in Kentucky; and he has nothing to say of the Spanish closure of the Mississippi as it affected southern Indiana's Ohio trade, or, indeed, of any of the matters treated in Green's "Spanish Conspiracy" and Ogg's "Opening of the Mississippi." This is in spite of the fact that Mr. Esarey discusses fully the stamping of French policy and personality upon the early Northwest, and those sinister British influences which were felt from across the Canadian border until long after the War of 1812. His account of the first Governorship under the Ordinance of 1787 does full justice to the firmness and ability of a man who was unfortunate in many undertakings—Arthur St. Clair. But that important episode in which St. Clair established the almost dictatorial power of the Territorial Governor—his controversy with Judges Varnum and Parsons—is not mentioned by Mr. Esarey. It will be remembered that the ordinance vested the legislative powers in the "Governor and judges, or a majority of them." The judges attempted in 1788 to interpret this as meaning that they, if all three agreed, could enact laws without the Governor's sanction, and were at once and emphatically told that this belief was untenable. "Congress thought," wrote St. Clair, "there would be an impropriety in leaving the adoption of the laws by which the people of the district were for a time to be governed to the persons who were to expound them; much greater, however, would that impropriety be if the clause of the ordinance goes not only to the adoption, but to the formation of laws. The judges would in that case be complete legislators, which is the very definition of tyranny." Nor is sufficient space given to the development of the legal code, civil and criminal, under the judges and Governors St. Clair and Harrison: a development shaping all the State institutions, and so advanced that the distinctive features of Indiana's growth were fixed by the time that Gov. Thomas Posey was ushered, in 1813, into his chair. The successive stages of Territorial government, through the enlargement of the franchise, the organization of a General Assembly, and the formation of a Constitution, are well traced.

By far the best portion of the book is its treatment of those aspects of State history which are most intricate and difficult, and superficially most repelling. The chapters on Economic Development, covering roads, stage lines, flatboat trade, and mailboat service; on Internal Improvements, tracing the policies which culminated in 1836 with Gov. Noble's signature of the Mammoth Internal Improvements bill, appropriating one-sixth of all the wealth the State then had and paving the way straight to bankruptcy; on the Public Lands and the frauds and speculations growing therefrom; on the Second Bank of Indiana, and on Religion and Education, leave little to be desired. The agricultural development of the State is hardly spoken of, and should not have been neglected. The fiscal history could also have been treated with more detail. But these general chapters are a refreshing find to any one who knows how exclusively most State historians have dealt with politics, constitutional history, legislative events, and the development of only the salient educational, charitable, penal, and general social institutions. For his account of Indiana banking, for example, the author has gone to the local records of many towns; for the history of the church to the records of the dioceses, parishes, and church districts. Breadth and correctness of view would have been furthered by some adversion to influences outside the State in the ripening of all these phases of Indiana life, but the author's sense of the limitations of his space doubtless prevented this wider treatment.

The matter on general social history would make a small treatise in itself; and in the chapters on The French in Indiana and The Pioneers and Their Social Life, the picture of homes, customs, occupations, primitive public utilities, festivals, and festivities, is living and interesting. Any reader of Eggleston or of Nicholson's "The Hoosiers" knows that Indiana has its own picturesque qualities of rural life. The charivari, the Christmas shooting, the maltreatment of the schoolmaster, the drinking and gambling, the tavern, the shooting match, the election day, the wedding and infare, the log-rolling, the quilting, the camp-meeting, and the open-handed hospitality of the prairies are described with a wealth of quotations from old chronicles and newspapers. The author justly remarks that the social customs of early Indiana are most clearly understood in the light of their history. One contention of some novelty is that the so-called Hoosier dialect, at the time it was current in Indiana, was that of a large fraction of the population of the whole Union, and represented the language of the commoner of the eighteenth century in England.

Notes

"H. R.," a novel by Edwin Lefevre, and "Ten Great Adventures," by Kate D. Sweetser, are announced for publication by Harper & Bros.

"A Peace Calendar and Diary for 1916," compiled by John J. Mullowney, will be issued shortly by Paul Elder & Co.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Lost Prince" is announced for immediate publication by the Century Co.

"Sunlight Patch," by Credo Harris, will be published by Small, Maynard & Co. early next month.

Saturday is the date of publication by Doran of the following volumes: "The World's Highway," by Norman Angell; "The Bronze Eagle," by Baroness Orczy; "Kings, Queens and Pawns," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Ten Degrees Backward," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; "Vagrant Memories," by William Winter; "Jolly Jaunts with Jim," by Charles Hanson Towne; "The Folly of the Three Wise Men," by Edgar Whitaker Work.

Among the fiction included in Macmillan's autumn list are the following volumes: "The Star Rover," by Jack London; "Old Delabole," by Eden Phillpotts; "God's Puppets," by William Allen White; "The Extra Day," by Algernon Blackwood; "Heart's Kindred," by Zona Gale. The same house announces: War Books—"The Military Unpreparedness of the United States," by Frederic L. Huidekoper, and "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace," by George W. Crile. Poetry—"The Song of Hugh Glass," by John G. Neihardt; "Rivers to the Sea," by Sarah Teasdale; "The Pilgrim Kings: Greco and Goya, and Other Poems of Spain," by Thomas Walsh; "Seumas Beg," by James Stephens. Public Affairs—"Inventors and Moneymakers: Lectures on Some Relations between Economics and Psychology," by F. W. Taussig; "The Executive and His Control of Men: A Study in Personal Efficiency," by Enoch Burton Go-

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win; "The Ways of Woman," by Ida M. Tarbell; "The Initiative, Referendum, and Recall in Oregon," by James D. Barnett.

Announcement is made that the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress will meet in Washington next December under the auspices of the Government of the United States. The Congress will open on Monday, December 27, and adjourn on Saturday, January 8, 1916.

Exactly fourteen years have now elapsed since Graham Balfour brought out the life of his cousin, Robert Louis Stevenson, and W. E. Henley printed his famous reply in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. To-day Stevenson is more popular even than in those times of heated discussion and glowing reminiscence. There may not be scores who have read "Treasure Island" once a year from their boyhood up, but a host of devotees call for edition after edition of R. L. S., a fresh army is recruited every twelvemonth through the prescribed readings in our high schools, and the last few years have seen steady additions to the books tracing his life and footsteps. It is therefore natural enough that the authoritative biography should appear in an abridged form adapted for circulation among this wider public. The one-volume edition of "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson" (Scribner; $2 net) presents undimmed the picture of brave and cheerful living as it was first drawn with unwavering admiration. The reduction in scale is by hardly a fourth of the original. Sentences of generalization a little out of style now, paragraphs detailing the composition of minor writings, and towards the end accounts of Samoan politics contributing little to a knowledge of the subject—such passages have been skilfully eliminated. In some few cases greater care has been exercised in transcription of letters and quotations. Here and there a part has been rewritten or amplified in the light of later discovery or recent events. Indeed, echoes of the war are heard in the record of Stevenson's Continental trips. Various illustrations add their interest to the unfolding of the narrative. For the general reader therefore the present volume should be more serviceable in giving a full, coherent, yet compact version of a career more appealing than many of the author's works.

A further indication of the continuing popularity of Stevenson is Jacqueline Overton's "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls" (Scribner; $1 net). Its origin is revealed in the dedication: "To the boys at the Yorkville Library and to all other boys who love to tramp and camp and seek adventure I dedicate this book with the hope of making them better friends with a man who also loved these things." This feeling declaration reveals also the principle which has guided the author in her selection of event and circumstance. The boy of the upper East Side, whom she knows and has tried to entice, is so much like other boys in his love of healthy romance that her unrolling of the scroll of Stevenson's widely travelled years should catch any youth's attention. She also provides numerous illustrations to bring home the remote scenes of the Scotsman's sojournings. "Edinburgh Castle" and "A Feast of Chiefs" in Samoa will alike guide the imagination to a truer visualizing. The French Old Style type will increase the pleasure of reading. Nevertheless, the author has toiled too patiently. She has not merely chosen instances. She has carefully produced a mosaic of quotations to narrate these incidents. She provides the cement of connecting paragraphs, yet even the cement is colored by Stevenson's style. This is unfortunate. The preciousness of R. L. S., his fastidious care in expression, is not suited to adolescent tastes. It will draw a veil of unreality over what the author obviously wishes to render vivid and alluring.

Omnivorous readers will find a kindred spirit in Charles Leonard Moore, whose "Incense and Iconoclasm" (Putnam; $1.50 net) discusses such diverse topics as Hindu drama and Celtic lyrics and fiction of modern American magazines. He is interested in technique, and style, and movements, and varieties of subject matter, and the commonly recognized types of literature. He finds contentment in rehearsing long accepted judgments, yet he at times indulges in the perverse pleasure of contradicting opinions dear to the bourgeois. The reader has the comfortable sense of never being lured into any subtlety of discussion. The critic's views are always frankly and unreservedly avowed and his appreciation of nuances in individual productions is bluffly divulged. Appreciation, however, is not his predilection. He delights much more in general statement and broad comparison, yet beneath them are few philosophical or æsthetic or critical prepossessions. An interest in painting leads him to emphasize design in literature. On that score he lifts the image-breaking hammer against Goethe. A few pages later he burns incense before the romantic comedy of Shakespeare. But he is at heart an Aristotelian. His æsthetic theory was unconsciously formulated years ago. Consistency and a perfect interrelation of parts rather than immediate expression of emotion seem to him the acme of beauty.

Prof. Richard Green Moulton's "The Modern Study of Literature" (University of Chicago Press; $2.50 net) is the culmination of over forty years wholly occupied in the teaching of literature and in preparing various books which the author now regards as preliminary studies—discussions of particular principles in application to special literary fields. His life as university extension lecturer has made him acquainted with a large public who look upon college graduation not as a goal, but as the starting point of a culture with which the leisure time of their whole lives may be filled. This volume, then, presents a final formulation of the principles of literary study which shall gain all over the country a larger hearing from this intelligent reading public than his voice can hope to reach. His enthusiasm for literature, his intimate acquaintance with it in classical, Hebraic, and modern English forms, the analytical passion which issues in diagrams and charts and which finds delight in resolving a complex phenomenon into elements, the mingled precision and fluency of his style—these characteristics are familiar to readers of even one or two of his preceding books. Familiar, too, is the whole structure of theory which is here put together into a consistent system. Yet it would be difficult to find a theory that presents more points of view with which modern students are likely to disagree.

Certainly students of psychology would reject *in toto* Professor Moulton's conception of faculties by which the mind works. Of critics he says that taste is "an accepted term for the faculty of appreciation." In the same vein he abundantly endows poets with a faculty of creation. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the conviction leads him to assert frequently that the Greek μίμησις should be translated "creation." Unsatisfactory as the word "imitation" is, one may well inquire whether "creation" would not convey an even scantier understanding of the doctrine of Plato and Aristotle. In any case, the term "faculty" does not adequately represent the present-day conception. Nowhere does he seem to be aware that his belief in mystical powers that come to every man as his birthright is vanishing from the world of thought. Students of æsthetics, too, will be quick to question his theory of literature as a separate world entity with a development subject to laws of evolution. He does not, to be sure, adhere to the extreme scientific form that the theory attained years ago, but he holds to his modification of it so exclusively that the view of literature as a form of expression, the product of emotion, the embodiment in sensible form of the contemplation of passion—this doctrine that all beauty is expression he does not entertain for a moment. On the contrary, he establishes and charts a whole genealogy of literary types, with the origin of literary species lying in the differentiation of the conventional, a literary species being "constituted by all the works in which the convention is the same." The lines of descent and interrelation are charted with the exactitude of a geodetic survey. Criticism itself naturally is subjected to division and classification, and quite as naturally this axiom is laid down as fundamental to its practice: "A clear grasp of the external form is essential for entering into the matter and spirit of all literature." These prepossessions in favor of scientific analysis and classification and definition, as opposed to the infinite varieties of the free rhythms of life and literature, do not preclude the utterance of many true and sane dicta concerning both specific works and general features of poetry and drama. One so richly endowed with knowledge and feeling as Professor Moulton could hardly avoid illuminating discussions. But the student of literature, while perusing the work, cannot smother a sense of incongruity in contemplating the title, announcing the *modern* study of literature.

Granville Fortescue's "At the Front with Three Armies" (Brentano's; $2 net) offers as its chief attraction a clearer view of the Belgian situation early in the war than we have had. The author had the rare good fortune to witness the assault on Liège, the first actions against Namur and Dinant, and the occupation of Ostend. His testimony as to the absolute unpreparedness of Belgium is valuable and conclusive. The complete ignorance in which Brussels and all western Belgium were kept until the Germans were at their doors would be unbelievable were not the evidence complete. Mr. Fortescue's observations on the French and English lines, where his opportunities were restricted, are often second-hand, and, though well enough as newspaper correspondence, are, as chapters in a book, hardly better than so much padding. He provides, however, a new explanation for the shelling of Rheims Cathedral. A sightseeing party, including one or two French officers, was on one of the towers.

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The Germans, taking them for military observers, opened fire. This would account for the flat contradiction between the French and German versions of the bombardment. The Germans would be justified in thinking the tower was being used for military purposes, the French in denying that such was the case. Certainly it was an unpardonably inconsiderate act for any one at the time of bombardment to occupy the towers. If, as Mr. Fortescue's story goes, the ecclesiastics of Rheims permitted such a visit at such a moment, they must assume a considerable share of the responsibility for the destruction of the cathedral.

Ex-Senator Beveridge has made an interesting book in "What is Back of the Great War" (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.; $2 net). Much of it was written in Germany and describes the heroic unanimity of the nation, its conviction that it is fighting for its defence, and its hatred of Great Britain. In all this there is little novelty, but the case is put concretely and vividly. Among the notables whom the author interviewed were Adolf Harnack in Berlin and Gabriel Hanatoux in Paris. From England he reports a considerable lassitude and division of opinion. This suggests a weakness of his observations. He has no languages. In Germany his contacts were limited to persons holding the official doctrine. In England he discoursed freely, and a few acquaintances seem to have told him obligingly what they divined he wanted to hear. His general prophecy is that the nationalization of industry occasioned by the war will continue, resulting in an approximation to the Socialist great state. Many of his data seem quite casually gleaned. It would be interesting to know on what authority he asserts that Germany can indefinitely replenish the firing line by 1,500,000 troops annually, thus making good her entire wastage. The general estimate is 600,000 in each new class as a maximum, figures which are being largely discounted through volunteering. There are a number of illustrations. The book is among the more readable of its numerous class, but its appeal to serious readers is slight enough.

Will Irwin's "Men, Women, and War" (Appleton; $1 net) is in part description of Belgian experiences, in part general estimates of the temper of France, Germany, and England. Mr. Irwin writes with sympathy and skill. He is quite without professional pretentiousness of any sort. Few of the correspondents who have followed the armies have given so sharp a picture of the squalor of modern war. Mr. Irwin's characterization of The British Calm, a quality which he regards as both a strength and a weakness, may serve to correct ex-Senator Beveridge's superficial statement of British conditions. The military part of the book is confined to a composite description of the battle of Ypres. The author has a high degree of perceptiveness, and his book well brings out those human and inhuman by-products of a campaign which it is his especial desire to emphasize. Mr. Irwin has had the good sense and right feeling to take himself as an observing human being and not as a military correspondent. Thus his book has a genuineness by no means common in its class.

Under the editorship of Prof. W. P. Paterson, of Edinburgh University, a group of British scholars discuss "German Culture, the Contributions of Germans to Knowledge, Literature, Art, and Life" (Scribner; $1.25). The object is to state the facts and especially to offset the excessive underestimate of German achievement which has been brought about by the war. The following are the topics and contributors: "History," Prof. Richard Lodge; "Philosophy," A. D. Lindsay; "Science," Prof. J. Arthur Thomson; "Literature," Dr. John Lees; "Art," Prof. Baldwin Brown; "Music," Prof. D. F. Tovey; "Education," Dr. Michael Sadler; "Politics," Prof. D. H. MacGregor; "Religion," Prof. W. P. Paterson. Usually the survey is made with entire impartiality. In the case of the eulogist of German politics this goes so far as to make him distort the political ideals of his own country. Naturally, no exact appraisal of culture is possible, but the display proves a distinct primacy for Germany in philosophy, theology, music, and the sciences of biology and applied chemistry. To these may fairly be added philology, which is not expressly treated. In literature and art the rating is low. The most informatory of the studies seems to us Prof. J. Arthur Thomson's "Science," the best conceived and most penetrating, Dr. Michael Sadler's "Education." It is a book that should be enlightening to honest minds who in a confusing war of opinion wish to get at the facts.

The twenty-sixth volume of Harvard Studies in Classical Philology is of a severer quality than some of its more varied predecessors. Dr. Otis Johnson Todd writes in Latin on the "Time Relations in Aristophanes." After an exhaustive time analysis of each of the eleven extant comedies, he concludes that, with due allowance for obvious comic adventures in topsy-turvy land, the probabilities and the unities of time are dealt with as skilfully and artistically by Aristophanes as by other dramatists. There is no reason, he thinks, for holding with Polczyk that the art of the New Comedy in this respect was derived from tragedy rather than from the older comedy. The chief artifices employed by the new comedy or tragedy to preserve the unity of time or to disguise and palliate the temporal foreshortening of actions taking place off the stage, may all be found somewhere in Aristophanes. The Aristotelian limitation of twenty-four hours is observed in the "Knights," "Wasps," "Peace," "Thesmophoriazousæ," "Frogs," and "Ecclesiazousæ," and somewhat exceeded in the "Acharnians," "Clouds," "Lysistrata," and "Plutus." The "Birds" of Cloudcuckootown defy all efforts to sprinkle this particular salt on their tails. Dr. Boak's monograph on the "Roman Magistri in the Civil and Military Service of the Empire" adds one more to the many recent illustrations of the way in which the multiplication of inscriptions and papyri makes possible a minute reconstruction of Roman, Egyptian, and Byzantine administration and law, with which few scholars can afford to burden their memories, but which is nevertheless an indispensable prerequisite of that authentic and documented history of ancient civilization that modern scholarship endeavors to substitute for the traditional moralizing and rhetorical legend. Mr. George W. Robinson's Notes on the Fourth and Fifth Centuries deal with minor points of scholarship such as the rectification of an error in the Loeb translation of Julian, and an oversight in the English translation of Negri's "L'Imperatore Giuliano l'Apostata."

A garden may cost a fortune (Mrs. Theodore Thomas knows of one the roses in which alone are worth $20,000), or it may be had for almost nothing, like her own, which she describes entertainingly in "Our Mountain Garden" (Dutton; $1.50 net). Her husband, the great conductor, needed rest for his overworked nerves, and she needed new strength from direct contact with the earth; so they bought a home of twenty-five acres of wild land in the White Mountains, built a cottage, and surrounded it with specimens of all the wild flowers of the neighborhood. Felsengarten, the place was called, and the dominating idea in the cultivation of it was to keep everything as nearly as possible as nature made it, providing for each blossom its natural surroundings. They did all the work themselves, getting therefrom the expected benefit, besides constant enjoyment. For persons who merely own gardens, expensive or otherwise, without knowing the joys of taking care of them, Mrs. Thomas feels the same pity she does for those who sit in opera boxes but do not understand the music. No one else has written of a garden so simple, inexpensive, and thoroughly home-made as hers; yet owners of all kinds of gardens may find useful hints as well as enjoyment in reading of her experiences and experiments; as when she tells how she combined weeding with fertilizing, thereby obtaining astonishing results; for example, three hundred blossoms from a single Shirley poppy plant. A chapter on Garden Enemies has been added to this new edition of a thoroughly readable, suggestive, and helpful book; a book which also incidentally throws interesting sidelights on the character and the habits of the leading missionary in the realm of music in America.

Drama

A GOOD ROMANTIC PLAY.

Red Wine of Rousillon. By William Lindsey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

This play in four acts is a really good romantic drama, one of the best that has been produced in a generation. In form it is somewhat old-fashioned, requiring no less than eight scenes, but these would present no particular difficulty in a modern theatre possessing a double or a revolving stage. On the other hand, it is compact and well made, developing swiftly and logically a tragic love story of uncommon interest, and is, moreover, exceedingly well written, in simple, smooth, and vigorous blank verse, so adroitly handled as to offer no insuperable obstacles to the ordinary prose-speaking actor. There is scarcely a speech in it of half-a-dozen lines. Genuinely poetic as the work is in tone and quality, and felicitous as are many of its phrases and ideas, it essays no sustained imaginative flights. The conspicuous literary excellence of it consists in a terseness, directness, and pregnancy of expression nicely

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corresponding to the rapidity of the action.

The plot is as old as the eternal triangle. It owes something to Dante, Boccaccio, and, perhaps, a dozen others, but it is freshly and ably treated. The passion with which it deals, if illicit, is not guilty. In the far past—the present scene is laid in the twelfth century—a Count of Rousillon planted a vine upon the breast of the enemy he had slain, and thereafter, according to the legend, the blood taint glowed in all succeeding vintages of his estate. Raymond, his descendant, drank deeply of his inheritance and in his rages saw red. When a rival won the fair Seremonda, whom he loved, he slew the bridegroom at the altar and bore the bride off to his castle, where he wedded her by force. Thus he fell under the ban of the church, and had to choose between fighting in Palestine or enduring eternal torment. When the curtain rises he has long been reported dead, and Seremonda is in love with Guilhelm, the page to whose guardianship he had entrusted her. The lady, who, though loathing her lord, has faithfully observed a year of widowhood, makes free offer of her heart and hand, in a charming scene, to Guilhelm; but the latter, though he has long worshipped her in secret, is loyal to his master, putting duty before happiness. As they confer, Raymond, no longer excommunicate, returns, and Guida, Seremonda's sister and confidante, knowing his jealous nature and foreseeing deadly peril, suggests that Guilhelm shall pretend to be her suitor. Meanwhile Raymond, whose faith in Guilhelm has been absolute, is stirred to suspicion by the hints of a wandering troubadour, and cross-questions his page so closely that the latter is forced to take refuge in the subterfuge agreed upon. Thereupon Raymond joyously approves his suit and straightway leads him to Guida, bidding him press it to a happy issue. Then he summons Seremonda to witness the union of the happy lovers, at the moment when Guida, in pursuance of the agreement, greets Guilhelm with a kiss. This is a new, ingenious, and striking situation, which precipitates the final catastrophe. Seremonda, sure of Guilhelm but doubting Guida, and fearing death less than Raymond's embraces, resolves to bring about a duel between her lover and her lord, confiding in the former's prowess. At her behest, during a feast in the castle hall, Guilhelm, when called upon to sing, makes open and unmistakable avowal of his passion, provoking thereby a furious attack from the maddened count, who falls in a fit after a vain attempt to kill him. This is a dramatic scene of great theatrical value.

In the final act Seremonda and Guida tremblingly await the final crash. They know that in the morning Raymond and Guilhelm, armed each with a boar spear, have gone together into the forest, and that Raymond has returned alone. Of his companion's fate he will say nothing, but presently gives the signal that summons all to the evening banquet. When Seremonda refuses food, he begs her to partake of a special dish prepared by his order. It is, he says, the heart of Guilhelm, whom he had killed when he would not defend himself. Thereupon Seremonda quickly leaps from a window into the raging sea. And Raymond, bewailing the curse that makes him kill what most he loved, strikes a dagger into his own heart and so dies.

This bald synopsis, of course, robs the story of all its freshness, charm, and power, but reveals enough of its general nature to show that in design and motive it is infinitely superior to the general run of modern melodramatic romances. This is no machine-made structure of conventional sensations, but true human drama arising out of the conflict of character and circumstance, romantic and pictorial, but entirely logical and natural. The one touch of mediæval savagery in it is appropriate to the period and has abundant warrant. Each personage is distinct, vital, and psychologically consistent. Raymond, maniacal in jealousy, is, in his milder moods, not entirely unsympathetic. He is brave and generous. Guilhelm is a fine type, innately noble and thoroughly virile. Seremonda is a feminine study of rare fidelity. Guida, an admirable foil to her, is equally well sketched. The subsidiary persons—the troubadours, the mute squire, the landlord and his waitress, the priest, and others—are etched in with the surest sense of contributory effect. Nothing is superfluous to the main theme, which is pursued with an intentness and rapidity seldom if ever equalled in recent drama. That the "Red Wine of Rousillon" is a remarkable work, both in the literary and dramatic sense, is certain. That it might be made as effective upon the stage as it is upon the printed page there is no good reason to doubt. Whether actors could be found to-day to do it justice—rooted as it is in those elemental emotions which plumb acting capacities to the depths—is another question altogether.

J. Ranken Towse.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

Very welcome in a theatrical season which has so far been conspicuous principally for its failures is this revival at the Empire Theatre under the Frohman management of a well-tried favorite. The play is so well known that comment on its merits, which are many, or on its defects, which are honest and obvious, is superfluous. William Gillette is the play, and custom has not staled the smooth perfection of his performance. After seeing Mr. Gillette's interpretation of the character, even in re-reading the tales, his is always the figure that presents itself to the mind's eye, his the low, throaty tones that one hears when the great detective puzzles the amazed Watson with one of his platitudes of deduction. Mr. Gillette has surrounded himself with an entirely competent cast. Edward Fielding plays the Dr. Watson acceptably and with commendable self-sacrifice refrains from emphasizing the fatuity of that character; Joseph Brennan is a good Professor Moriarty: Edwin Mordant plays James Larrabee, and Helen Freeman Alice Faulkner.

S. W.

Music

A PROLIFIC MUSICAL SEASON.

For a number of years October was not one of the musical months in New York. Last year eight concerts were given in Aeolian Hall during that month. This year the number is twenty-two, while for November the bookings are forty-eight, as against thirty-two last year. This is not the only straw indicating that the present metropolitan season will be the busiest on record. With the exception of a few notabilities (several of whom are held by military duty or duress), the leading professional singers and players of Europe are on this side of the ocean, not a few of them having come over last season and remained here—a novel experience for nearly all of them. Europe has little more use for them now than it had during the summer. In France, public musical activity seems to have ceased entirely. England has had spasmodic attempts at opera, and there are a considerable number of concerts, many of them for the war funds; the venerable Philharmonic Orchestra is to be conducted (and probably supported) this winter by that millionaire Mæcenas, Thomas Beecham. In Germany, operas and concerts have been and are being heard in considerable numbers, but the prices of admission are a mere fraction of what they are in ordinary times, while emoluments for the artists are on the same reduced scale; so we have them with us, ready to appear in operas, or concerts, or both, at the usual American rates.

Concert managers, interviews with many of whom are printed in last week's *Musical America*, seem to agree that the present season will be not only busy, but prosperous, for the deserving ones. Where there are so many great stars, the minor ones must suffer, and it is probable that more bookings even than last year will be cancelled. The operatic outlook is better than it was last season, when the Metropolitan was the only operatic organization left in this country. Campanini has organized a new company for Chicago, with many big artists and the promise of success in consequence. Boston has probably lost its own company for good, but some of its leading singers, with others of note, are in the new organization gathered by Mr. Rabinoff and called the Boston Opera Company. Three things give special distinction to this organization, which opens an interesting season of two weeks at the Manhattan Opera House next Monday: the presence of such distinguished artists as Felice Lyne, Maggie Teyt, Maria Gay, Tamaki Miura (a genuine Japanese soprano, cast for the title part in "Madama Butterfly"), Riccardo Martin, Zenatello; the unique scenery that distinguished some of the operatic performances given in Boston; the cooperation of Pavlowa and her company, which adds the attraction of first-class ballet and gives an unprecedented chance for a brilliant presentation of the ballet music

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in "Carmen" and "Faust." The appearance, next Monday and the following Saturday, of this great Russian dancer as the Dumb Girl of Portici (in an opera better known over here as "Masaniello") will be one of the great events of the musical season. Wagner called this opera by Auber "a work of national importance such as no country can produce more than once." To the present generation of American opera-goers it will be a novelty.

Three novelties are promised by the Metropolitan Opera Company, which begins its performances on November 15. One of these, Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," is not altogether new here, as Emma Calvé appeared in two scenes from it at the Metropolitan a number of years ago; but in its entirety it will be a novelty. Borodine's "Prince Igor," deferred from last season, is the second. To the third, the "Goyescas" of Granados, special interest attaches, as it will be the first Spanish opera to be sung in Spanish and by a Spanish cast at the Metropolitan. The regular repertory will consist largely, as usual, of operas by Wagner, Puccini, and Verdi. The Wagnerian operas are to be conducted by the successor to Alfred Hertz, Arthur Bodansky, formerly associated with the late Gustav Mahler. Whatever his qualifications for such a post may be, he has already won the approval of most music lovers by declaring that he will make cuts in the Wagner operas, so that they may end shortly after eleven o'clock, following, in this matter, the precedent of Anton Seidl and of Hans Richter.

The failure of Arturo Toscanini to return need not be regarded as a calamity, for while he is undoubtedly the best of living operatic conductors, Giorgio Polacco, who succeeds him, is a close second, being, in fact, his superior in some respects which will be commented on as the season progresses. The task of conducting the Italian and French operas will be shared with him by Gaetano Bavagnoli, who will be new to this country. The general public is more interested in the singers than in the conductors, and it may be said that, while the absence of several favorites for the whole season, or part of it, is to be regretted, the list of artists is nevertheless impressive.

It is a singular fact that while the opera is able, under present conditions, barely to hold its own, and recitals, except by the greatest of artists, are less profitable than of yore, our orchestral societies are drawing larger audiences than ever before. The Philharmonic, the New York Symphony Society, and the visiting Boston Orchestra will each have a record season, and some interesting novelties are promised, including Strauss's new "Alpine" tone poem. Both Mr. Stransky, of the Philharmonic, and Mr. Damrosch, of the Symphony Society, have promised to pay particular attention to works by Americans. The Oratorio Society will produce "Joan of Arc," by Bossi, for the first time in America, besides uniting with the Philharmonic for a Bach-Beethoven festival. The minor choral and orchestral societies all remain in the field, while chamber music will be represented, as usual, by the Kneisel and Flonzaley Quartets, the Margulies Trio, and other organizations. As most givers of recitals appear also with the leading orchestras, one can get an approximate idea of their abundance by scanning the prospectuses of those orchestras. The Philharmonic has the longest list; it includes the following: Violinists—Fritz Kreisler, Arrigo Serato, Maximilian Pilzer, Francis Macmillen. Pianists—Yolanda Mérö, Harold Bauer, Ernest Hutchesen, Percy Grainger, Ernest Schelling, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Violoncellists—Pablo Casals, Beatrice Harrison, Leo Schulz. Vocalists—Olive Fremstad, Emmy Destinn, Melanie Kurt, Julia Culp, Elizabeth van Endert. Paderewski, who plays and speaks on Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the Polish Relief Fund, will appear later in the season at one of the local concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

WAR-TIME SPECULATION.

Is such a spirit of extravagant speculation as has been prevailing in the United States something anomalous for the period of a great and devastating war, or not? In ordinary conversation, one hears all sorts of answers to the question. A little while ago, the assertion was suddenly made in many quarters that a great war is not only always accompanied during its progress by a "speculative boom," but that a similar "boom" on the Stock Exchange and in general trade invariably follows the ending of the war.

It was not at all difficult to show that the second of these assertions was the reverse of the facts. Every prolonged and devastating war in Europe—notably the Napoleonic conflict which so closely resembled this one—has been immediately followed by a period of falling markets, great derangement of credit, and desperate hardship. The one seeming exception to the rule occurred in the United States after 1865; but the opening up of the West had at that time created most unusual opportunities for prosperity at the very termination of the war. Furthermore, paper inflation was continued. Yet even in the United States, the fall of commodity prices from a statistical average of 216¾ in 1865 to 191 in 1866 greatly emphasized the reaction, on our own financial markets, of the London panic of the last-named year.

But as to the general statement regarding periods of excited speculation in the period of war itself, the truth of that is attested by all history. There were repeated occasions in our Civil War when speculation in both stocks and commodities was rampant; and the speculation did not always time itself even to Northern victories. Cotton was naturally a focus of the wildest gambling. Gold was dealt in so actively at a premium (or, to put it another way, the discount on the currency in gold fluctuated so widely) that a special exchange for dealing in it was established at New York. But it was not merely war currency, war materials, and blockaded commodities, in which the market speculated. Railway shares, city lots, canal enterprises, had at intervals the most furious sort of advances; the Vanderbilts and the Drews were laying the foundations of their great fortunes in the speculative railway market of the day.

What our Civil War witnessed in the middle of the nineteenth century, the Napoleonic war witnessed at its beginning. That speculation in wheat should have been very violent, when France and England went to war, need have surprised nobody. It was not so easy then to draw on other foreign producing countries when the wheat supply at home had failed or had been blockaded. Blight and mildew on England's harvest of 1804, the year after the great fight had begun, sent English wheat from $1.50 to $2.50 per bushel. German wheat, usually sold around $1.50, rose to $10 in 1805; Spanish wheat was said to have sold in 1804 at six times the price of 1800.

These were partly the accidents of seasons. But the market for war materials in the Napoleonic wars had the same experience as in 1914 and 1915. Hemp, an article greatly needed by the British navy, rose from $290 a ton in 1807 to $590 in 1808, when Russia was cut off. Copper, with which warships were sheathed, got to $1,000 per ton in England in 1805. The price of lead doubled. Timber for ships, iron for cannon, canvas for sails, touched wholly unprecedented prices.

All this might have been easily enough explained by scarcity of such commodities, together with abnormal demand. The speculation of 1804 and the next few years would merely resemble last year's speculation in wheat and chemicals and dyestuffs, and this year's in raw material of explosives. But the destruction of capital in war might, it would be supposed, have kept down speculation in shares of other companies than those connected with manufacture of such articles. Yet this was not what happened, even in the Napoleonic period.

The year 1807 was one of great political disaster to England. Napoleon had crushed England's ally, Prussia, and had captured Warsaw from her other ally, Russia. In July of 1807, both of those Continental states made terms with Napoleon, who thereupon declared a blockade against England which excluded her from direct commerce with every country in Europe except Sweden. Yet it was in that very year that a great stock speculation broke out in London—described by an old historian as "producing almost universal excitement; leading, as usual on such occasions, to hazardous adventure, and extending itself to new projects of various kinds, such as canals, bridges, fire offices, breweries, distil-

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leries, and many other descriptions of joint-stock companies." Fortunes were made and lost on the London market, even in those days of smaller things.

So that the speculation now under way, at the crisis of a doubtful and immensely destructive conflict, has at any rate historical precedent to warrant it. The question will naturally be asked, however, why London should not be the focus of such speculation now, as well as then, and why the whole fury of the present movement should be witnessed in the United States. Perhaps the answer is that the London Stock Exchange (which was open for all business during the conflict with Napoleon) has been under the closest restriction since it reopened last January; perhaps that the belligerent Governments have virtually commandeered their markets' capital for the war loans; perhaps that New York in the war-time of 1915 is what London was in the war-time of 1807—the financial centre of the world.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

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Barbour, R. H. Heart's Content. Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Chittenden, G. The Anvil of Chance. Longmans, Green. $1.35 net.
Dostoevsky, F. The Insulted and Injured. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
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Hunting, G. Sandsy's Pal. Harper. $1.25 net.
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McCarthy, H. The Glorious Rascal. Lane. $1.35 net.
Mordaunt, E. The Rose of Youth. Lane. $1.35 net.
Thurston, E. T. The Passionate Crime. Appleton. $1.30 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lang, J. A Book of Myths. Putnam.
National Floodmarks. Week by week observations on American Life as seen by Collier's. Edited by M. Sullivan. Doran. $1.50 net.
Taylor, J. M., and Haight, E. H. Vassar. Oxford University Press. $1.50.
The Paradise of Dante. Translated by C. L. Shadwell. Macmillan.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Jacobus, M. W. A Commentary on the Gospel according to Mark. Macmillan. 75 cents.
MacLeod, M. J. What God Hath Joined Together. Doran. $1 net.
McComb, S. Faith, the Greatest Power in the World. Harper. 50 cents.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Fayle, C. E. The Great Settlement. Duffield.
Holmes, F. L. Regulation of Railroads and Public Utilities in Wisconsin. Appleton. $2 net.
Plehn, C. Government Finance in the U. S. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. 50 cents net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Aveling, F. W. A Brief History of the French Revolution. London: Allen & Unwin.
Bergson, H. The Meaning of the War. Macmillan.
Caine, H. The Drama of Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Doster, W. E. Lincoln and Episodes of the Civil War. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Hepburn, A. B. A History of Currency in the U. S. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Newbigin, M. I. Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems. Putnam. $1.75 net.

POETRY.

Watson, E. W. If Love Were King, and Other Poems. Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher & Co. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Lankester, Sir Ray. Diversions of a Naturalist. Macmillan.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Masefield, J. The Faithful. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Robinson, E. A. The Porcupine. $1.25 net.
Vachell, H. A. Searchlights. Doran. $1 net.

JUVENILE.

Campbell, H. A.; Field, E.; Byron, M., and Campbell, F. The Sleepy Song Book. McBride. $2 net.
Davidson, E. B. The Bunnikins Bunnies' Christmas Tree. Houghton Mifflin.
Hunt, C. W. What Shall We Read to the Children? Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Index to Fairy Tales, Myths and Legends. Boston Book Co.
Kennedy, J. H. Surprise Island. Harper. 50 cents.
Meigs, C. The Kingdom of the Winding Road. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Woodruff, H. S. Really Truly Fairy Stories. Doran. $1 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Freeburg, V. O. Disguise Plots in Elizabethan Drama. Columbia University Press.
Méras, A. A., and Roth, S. Pequeño Vocabulario. Heath's Modern Language Series. Heath.
Muzzey, D. S. Readings in American History. Boston: Ginn. $1.50 net.
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